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# PLEASANT PEREGRINATION

THROUGH THE

PRETTIEST PARTS

OF

PENNSYLVANIA.

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PERFORMED BY

PEREGRINE PROLIX. pseud. of

Philip Holbrook Nicklin

*Peregrinus.*—Licetne pauca?

*Lector.*—Quid dices mihi?

*Peregrinus.*—Tamen lege.

*Old Play.*

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PHILADELPHIA:

GRIGG AND ELLIOT, 9 NORTH FOURTH ST.—

.....  
1836.



F153  
.N63

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year  
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BY GRIGG AND ELLIOT,

In the office of the Clerk of the District Court of  
the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

## Dedication.

TO JOHN GUILLEMARD, ESQUIRE,

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY,

LONDON.

I send my friend a little token,  
Three thousand miles across the sea,  
Of kindness, forty years unbroken,  
And cherished still for him by me.

The gift I know has little value,  
Except remembrance kind to prove;  
And if ennui should e'er assail you,  
To pleasant thoughts your mind to move.

The scenes described, my friend did greet,  
Before the steam-boat's mighty powers,  
Had shortened English miles to feet,  
And months to days, and days to hours.

His memory yet *The Hut* recalls,  
That stands on Schuylkill's western shore,  
A mile or less below the falls,  
Above the town, three miles or more.

Together there the stream we viewed,  
The forest roamed and climbed the hill,  
Threaded the alleys of the wood,  
And heard the gurgling of the rill.

This little book will shew how changed,  
Those scenes are now, by human art ;  
How cunning engineers have ranged,  
The land of Penn through every part ;

Levelled the mountains, raised the valleys,  
Made straight the crooked, smoothed the rough ;  
Cut tunnels through the hills, and alleys  
Through the forests dense and tough.

Nor have they spared the Allegheny,  
But overcome his towering height,  
With engines, endless ropes and many  
Inclining planes and bridges light.

I wish my friend, that you could view  
The feats of yankee ingenuity,  
The contemplation would just suit  
Your philosophic temper to a T.

But since I cannot have you here,  
I wish you all joy in Gower street,  
And many a pleasant day and year,  
And painless night of slumber sweet.



## PREFACE.



WE desire, friendly reader, to say a few words to thee about Pennsylvania. What, sayst thou, can be said, that is worth reading, about quiet, modest, unfashionable Pennsylvania? We answer, nevertheless read and see.

Our good state still reposes under the shadow of the mantle of her illustrious founder, the virtuous and benevolent Penn. It is true, she is quiet, but industrious; modest, but virtuous; unfashionable but yet most worthy of imitation: and we feel constrained to say of her, as Pamphilus of old said of his Glycerium; “Ego me amare hanc fateor. Si id peccare est, fateor id quoque.”

The peaceful spirit which breathed in the legislation of Penn still lingers on the soil of Pennsylvania, survives the strife of party, and sheds its benign influence on all the public institutions of the state. Among other effects of this beneficent spirit may be considered the æra of internal improvements, which has just commenced.

Since 1826, Pennsylvania has expended in the construction of six hundred and one miles of canal and slack-water navigation and one hundred and nineteen miles of rail road, the sum of twenty-two millions, four hundred thousand dollars; and it is supposed that the amount of tolls collected on these works during the current year, will exceed one million of dollars.

The trade on these improvements is now so great, that we shall soon behold the gratifying spectacle of our Legislature engaged in the good work of abolishing the taxes that were laid for the purpose of insuring to the public creditors, the punctual payment of the interest on the loans they had made to the state. We wish our

sometime relative, now our friend, honest John Bull, to make a great effort to understand, (should this little book ever reach his respectable eye,) that these great improvements and this profitable expenditure have been made solely by the democratic state of Pennsylvania, three-fourths of whose Legislature are annually elected by the people, by *ballot*; more than two hundred thousand voters exercising their franchise on one day. Friend John must also take care not to confound in his mental vision, the image of the General Government, (the United States,) with that of the state of Pennsylvania, which within her own borders is sovereign in these matters, and would not suffer the Union in anywise therewith to meddle.

We have some hope that John will read our book, for times are much altered since the wicked reviewer exclaimed, "Who reads an American book?" From that very hour, John, who under a rough and bulldogged surface, has at bottom a thick substratum of goodnatured honesty; from

that very minute I say, John began to read American books, aye, and to print them too; taking care to charge for his editions, four times as much as the price of the American; so as to make up in cost what they may want in matter.

There is not much chance now of a yankee book escaping the British press-gang; they print almost every thing, even some,

In quorum foliis vix simia nuda c\*\*\*\*\*t.

Moreover, the editor of the London Literary Gazette has deigned to read and recommend to his readers, a little series of Letters some time since edited by us, touching the Virginia Springs; for which courtesy, as in duty bound, we return our thanks and those of the author, and will now say to him; opus *hic* est limatulo et politulo judicio tuo; we have again need of his favourable and discriminating judgment.

The goodnatured reviewer in noticing our letter-writer's *Ne quid nigh* Miss, says "A pun worthy of the Miseries of Human

Life; and a passage rather confirmatory of the Trollopean remarks which, *inter alia*, have given so much offence to certain of the natives, though from their own countrymen the evil habit (*spitting*) is proven to exist; and we may exclaim with Shakspeare, (see his tragedy of *Pizarro*, *passim*!)”

“ ’Tis true, ’ti’ spittiful ’ti’ spittiful ’tis true.”

This is a bright scintilla to burst from the thick air of London, and said in quite a pleasant way. Touching this foul matter of spitting, we admit, plane, absque conditione et pactione, that in some places south of Mason and Dixon’s line, it exists almost as an epidemic, but in other parts of the United States the cases are only sporadic, as in Britannia Magna herself. We could, if we would, tell such a tale about hawking, spitting, blowing of noses, and other agreeable tricks played in our presence by a decent looking cockney, as we were travelling with two ladies in the inside of a Mail Coach between Stratford

on Avon and Oxford, as would cause our transatlantic friend to make a wry face ; but we will not, for fear he should think us *spiteful*.

It is a mistake to suppose that Americans generally, have been irritated by the remarks made on their peculiarities by the Trollopes, Hamiltons, Halls, et id genus omne. The literary tribe whose bristles have become perpendicular at these harmless and sometimes useful strictures, are an irritable genus, and do not represent truly, the feelings of Jonathan, who resembles his cousin Bull in possessing a good fund of fundamental honesty ; and moreover a superstructure of shrewdness entirely his own, which teaches him sometimes to swallow *sans façons* a bitter pill to cure his own disease.

Spitting and swearing are nearly out of fashion in Philadelphia, and at this moment we cannot recall to our recollection more than two or three gentlemen, and they are in the sear and yellow leaf, who

would think of such a thing as spitting on the carpet of a lady's drawing room—so that the race is almost extinct here, like that which formerly asked a second time for soup at a dinner party.

If the illustrious Linnæus had visited America, he would perhaps have added another species to his genus *homo*, which he would have called *homo sputans*; for he could not properly have made it a variety of his *homo sapiens*; who, though he is often a *homo disputans*, is never a *homo sputans*; for a sapient man never throws away what is necessary for his bodily health.

The amiable and facetious reviewer also observes, that “though the little book in question is good for amusement, that it will not probably be of much use; because Britons will not be likely to cross the Atlantic to disport themselves during a summer at the Virginia Springs.” This unhappy conclusion may perhaps yet be excluded by the establishment of the pro-

posed line of steam-packets between Valentia and New York. As soon as it appears that the passage can be comfortably made in twelve or fourteen days, all Kentucky and Tennessee will rush to Ireland and England in such numbers, as perhaps to break down the incredible chain bridge over the straits of Menai; and the brilliant and eccentric genius of these interesting people will so amaze and delight John Bull and his worthy family, that there can be little doubt, that many of them will return the visit; and it *may* become the rage in London to make a trip to the Virginia Springs. Statesmen will come to find out the secret which enabled us to pay off a national debt, and to learn how thirteen millions of sinners can live together in peace with a standing army of four thousand men; Divines, to behold the spectacle of a flourishing orthodox Episcopal Church existing in primitive simplicity, unconnected with the state; Lawyers, to see how causes can be tried and judgments



pronounced without wigs; and political Economists of all schools, to discover the cause of our rapid increase in population, prosperity and power.

This last secret we will tell, *en passant*; we are entirely convinced that the rapid increase above mentioned, is the fruit of the system of **FREE TRADE** established among the states composing this Confederacy, by the Constitution of 1789. This system has been in operation for forty-six years, and it has covered the broad surface of our land with people, competence and comfort.

We intend to write (not edit) a few Letters descriptive of things in Pennsylvania. We say intend, because we have begun with our title page, and are now writing our preface; having followed the advice the soubrette gave to her mistress, "*commencez par le commencement.*" We shall not however be so commonplace as to finish with the end; for we mean our table of contents to be the conclusion, for

several reasons of convenience to our printers and ourselves, quite unintelligible to the uninitiated.

In said letters we shall describe the roads, rivers, canals, country, mode of travelling, and many other matters beheld with our eyes, just as they are in nature and in art; we shall call a hill a hill, and not a mountain; *ficum* vocabimus *ficum*, *asinumque* *asinum*: also the *locale* and the doings at the Bedford Springs, a very pleasant watering place not sufficiently known even to Philadelphians: the Portage Rail Road across the Allegheny mountain, with its tunnel and ten inclined planes, will also claim a portion of our epistolary labours; and Pittsburgh, the Birmingham of the United States, will not be unmentioned.

We had many more and pleasant prefatory things to say, both to our fellow-natives and to our *contemporaneous* ancestors across the water; but we fear our preface is growing too long, and we ven-

ture to hope that our numerous readers are already anxious to plunge in medias res; therefore we here finish our preface by observing, that as soon as people have read the letters that follow, Pennsylvania five per cent. stocks will rise.



# LETTERS

ON

## PENNSYLVANIA.

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### LETTER I.

"The City of Penn—Good Things—Effort to depart—  
Streets too clean—Rivers, Delaware and Schuylkill  
—Perpetual Newness—What the Houses are like—  
Smooth Trottoirs—Rough Carriage Ways—Water  
—Iron Pipes—Fire Companies—State House Bell  
—Clock—Man in the Clock—Mode of Alarm—De-  
claration of Independence—Stumpy Steeple—Clever  
Invention—American Philosophical Society—Wistar  
Parties—Cultivation of Science and the Arts of Eat-  
ing and Drinking—Markets—Butter—Cream Cheese  
— University — Hospital — Museum — Environs —  
Monstrous Almshouse—Inhabitants—Hotels—Annu-  
itants' Paradise—Climate—Winter, Spring, Summer,  
Fall and Indian Summer—Population.

*Philadelphia, July 30, 1835.*

WHAT a comfortable place is the city of  
Penn! How is Philadelphia adorned with

neatness and with peace! How do her indwellers linger about her good things, and strangers delight in her rectangles! Several months since we had determined to make a journey through Pennsylvania, to explore her beauties, and survey the works of internal improvement, which have been brought into successful operation, with the good intent of letting our fellow creatures know what has been doing, and what is done; and where and how they may seek health and delight, within her borders. But until to-day the charms of this city have hung with such a weight about the neck of our natural inertia, as to nullify for a time the force of our truant disposition, and to retain us here two months longer than we intended. To day however, we made a mighty effort to shake off the paralysing effects of said blandishments, and have actually taken passage for ourself and a companion, in the Pioneer line for Hollidaysburg; and the omnibus is to call at 8 A. M. to-morrow to take us to the Rail Road.

Philadelphia is a flat, rectangular, clean, (almost too clean sometimes, for on Saturdays “*nunquam cessavit lavari, aut fricari, aut tergeri, aut ornari, poliri, pingi, fingi,*”\*) uniform, well-built, brick and mortar, (except one stone house,) well-fed and watered, well-clad, moral, industrious, manufacturing, rich, sober, quiet, good-looking city. The Delaware washes its eastern and the Schuylkill its western front. The distance between the two rivers is one mile and three quarters, which space on several streets is nearly filled with houses. Philadelphia looks new, and is new, and like Juno always will be new ; for the inhabitants are constantly pulling down and new-vamping their houses. The furor delendi with regard to old houses, is as rife in the bosoms of her citizens, as it was in the breast of old Cato with regard to Carthage. A respectable looking old house is now a rare thing, and except the venerable edifice of Christ Church in Second above Market Street, we should hardly know where to find one.

\* Plautus, *Pænuli*, Act i., sc. 2, l. 10.

The dwelling-houses in the principal streets are all very much alike, having much the air of brothers, sisters and cousins of the same family ; like the supernumerary figures in one of West's historical paintings, or like all the faces in all of Stothard's designs. They are nearly all three stories high, faced with beautiful red unpainted Philadelphia brick, and have water tables and steps of white marble, kept so painfully clean as to make one fear to set his foot on them. The roofs are in general of cedar, cypress or pine shingles ; the continued use of which is probably kept up (for there is plenty of slate,) to afford the Fire-companies a little wholesome exercise.

The streets are in general fifty feet wide, having on each side convenient *trottoirs* well paved with brick, and a carriage way badly paved with large round pebbles. They are kept very clean, and the kennels are frequently washed by floods of pure Schuylkill water, poured from the iron pipes with which all the streets are underlaid. This same Schuylkill



water is the cause of many comforts in the shape of drinking, bathing and clean linen, (indusia toraliaque;) and enters into the composition of those delicious and persuasive liquids called Pepper's beer and Gray's ale and porter.

This water is so pure, that our brothers of New York complain of its want of taste; and it is as wholesome and refreshing as the stream of father Nilus. It is also so copious, that our incendiaries are scarcely ever able to burn more than the roof or garret of one or two houses in a month. The fire companies are numerous, voluntary, well-organized associations, amply furnished with engines, hose, and all other implements and munitions necessary to make successful war upon the destroying element; and the members are intelligent, active and intrepid young men, so skilful from daily practice, that they will put you out three or four fires in a night, in less time than Higginbottom, that veteran fireman of London, would have allowed them to kindle.

The public confidence in these useful, prompt, energetic and faithful companies is so great, that no citizen is alarmed by the cry of fire ; for he knows that the first tap on the State House bell, arouses hundreds of these vigilant guardians of the city's safety, who rush to the scene of danger with one accord ; and with engines, axes, ladders, torches, hooks and hose, dash through summer's heat, or winter's hail and snows.

The old State House, in whose eastern room the Declaration of Independence was signed, has on the top of it, a sort of stumpy steeple, which looks as if somewhat pushed in, like a spy glass, half shut. In this steeple is a large clock, which, twice as bad as Janus, presents four faces, which at dusk are lighted up like the full moon ; and as there is a man in the moon, so there is a man in the clock, to see that it does not lag behind, nor run away from father time ; whose whereabouts, ever and anon, the people wish to know. This close observer of the time is also a distant observer

of the fires, and possesses an ingenious method of communicating their existence and position to his fellow citizens below. One tap on the great bell means north ; two indicate south ; three represent east, and four point out west ; and by composition these simple elements are made to represent also the intermediate points. If the fire be in the north, the man strikes successive blows with solemn and equal intervals, thus ; tap——tap——tap——tap ; if it be in the south, thus ; tap tap——tap tap ; if it be in the north east, thus ; tap——tap tap tap——tap——tap tap tap ; so that when the thrifty and well-fed citizen is roused by the cry of fire at midnight, from a pleasant dream of heaps of gold and smoking terrapins and whisky punch, he uncovers one ear and listens calmly for the State House bell, and if its iron tongue tell of no scathe to him, he turns him on his side and sleeps again. What a convenient invention, which tells the firemen when and where to go, and the terrapin men when to lie snug in their comfortable nests ! This clever plan is supposed to have been invent-

ed by an M. A. P. S.; this, however, we think doubtful, for the Magellanic Premium has never, to our knowledge, been claimed for the discovery. This reminds us that the American Philosophical Society is *located*\* in Philadelphia, where it possesses a spacious hall, a good library, and an interesting collection of American antiquities, gigantic fossil bones, and other curiosities, all of which are open to the inspection of intelligent and inquisitive travellers.

The Society was founded by the Philosophical Franklin, and its presidential chair is now occupied by the learned and venerable Duponceau.

There exists here a club of twenty-four philosophers, who give every Saturday evening very agreeable male parties;† consisting

\* A new and somewhat barbarous, but exceedingly convenient yankeecism, which will probably work its way into good society in England, as its predecessor '*lengthy*,' has already done.

† Called Wistar parties, in honour of the late illustrious Caspar Wistar, M. D., Professor of Anatomy in the University of Pennsylvania.

of the club, twenty invited citizens and any strangers who may happen to be in town. These parties are not confined to any particular circle ; but all men who are distinguished in the arts, whether fine or mechanical ; or in the sciences, whether natural or artificial, are liable to be invited. The members of the club are all M. A. P. S., and the parties are supposed to look with a steady eye towards the cultivation of science ; the other eye however regards with equal complacency the useful and ornamental arts of eating and drinking. The only defect in the latter department that we have discovered, is the banishment of ice cream and roman punch.

The markets are well supplied with good things. The principal one is held under long colonnades running along the middle of Market street, and extending from Front to Eighth street, a distance of more than one thousand yards. The columns are of brick and the roofs of shingles, arched and ceiled underneath. If I were to say all they deserve

of its beef, mutton and veal, there would be no end to the praises that *flesh* is heir to ; but the butter and cream-cheese in the spring and summer, are such dainties as are found in no other place under the welkin. They are produced on dairy farms and by families near the city, whose energies have for several generations been directed to this one useful end, and who now work with an art made perfect by the experience of a century.

Here is the seat of the University of Pennsylvania, which comprehends a College of the Arts and several preparatory schools ; and a College of Medicine the most celebrated of the United States, in the list of whose professors are many names advantageously known in all civilized nations.

The Hospital for the insane, sick and wounded is a well conducted institution, and worth a stranger's visit. Go and see also the Museum, the Water Works, the Navy Yard, and the public squares, and lots of other things too tedious to write down.

The scite of the city promises very little for the scenery of the environs; but unlike the witches in Macbeth, what is promised is more than kept. Take an open carriage and cross the Schuylkill by the Market street bridge, and ride up the west bank of the river for five or six miles, and your labour will be fully rewarded by a succession of lovely landscapes, comprehending water, hill and dale; wood, lawn and meadow; villas, farm-houses and cottages, mingled in a charming variety.

On the west bank of the Schuylkill opposite to the city, we regret to say, is an enormous palace, which cost many hundred thousand dollars, called an Almshouse, (unhappy misnomer,) which is big enough to hold all the paupers that *would be* in the world, if there were no poor laws *to make them*. But you had better go and see it, and take the length and breadth and height of our unreason, in this age of light, when we ought to know better.

The people of Philadelphia are in general well-informed, well-bred, kind, hospitable and of good manners, very slightly tinged with quaker reserve; and the tone of society is good, except in a small circle of exclusive *imagines subitæ*, who imitate very awkwardly the exaggerations of European fashion. The tone of the Satanic school, which has somewhat infected the highest circles of fashion in England, has not yet crossed the Atlantic.

There are many good Hotels, and extensive boarding houses; and the table of the Mansion House is said to be faultless.

Taking every thing into consideration, this is certainly the very spot for annuitants, who have reached the rational age of fifty, to nestle in during the long remnant of their comfortable days. We say long remnant, because as a class, annuitants are the longest livers; and there is an excellent company here, that not only grants annuities, but also insures lives.



The climate of Philadelphia is variable, and exhibits (in the shade,) all the degrees of temperature that are contained between the tenth below, and the ninetieth above zero, on the scale of Fahrenheit. In general, winter does not begin seriously until after Christmas, but he sometimes lingers too long in the lap of spring, and leaves a bridge of ice on the noble river Delaware until the tenth of March.

There are generally three or four weeks of severe cold, during which the thermometer sometimes at night sinks below zero, and sometimes in the day does not rise to the point of thaw. This period is generally enlivened by two or three snow storms, which set in motion the rapid sleighs, the jingle of whose lively bells is heard through day and night. The Delaware is not frozen over every winter, but there is always made an ample supply of fine crystalline ice to last the citizens until the next winter. The annual average duration of interrupted navigation may be four or five weeks. In March there

is sometimes a little Scotch weather in which Sawney would rub his hands and tell you, here is a fine cauld blawey snawey rainy day. There is however not much such weather, though the March winds have been known to blow (as Paddy would say,) even in the first week of April; after which spring begins with tears and smiles to coax the tardy vegetation into life.

Spring is short and vegetation rapid. Summer sprinkles a day here and there in May, and sets in seriously to toast people in June; during which month there are generally six or eight days whose average temperature reaches the altissimum of summer heat. In July the days are hot, but there is some relief at night; whilst in August the fiery day is but a prelude to a baking night; and the whole city has the air of an enormous oven.\* The ex-

\*The season of the Dog Days. A witty Philadelphia lady being once asked, how many Dog Days there are, answered that there must be a great many, for every dog has his day. At that time the city

tremely hot weather does not continue more than six weeks, and so far from being a misfortune, it is a great advantage to the inhabitants; for it makes every body that can spare twenty dollars, take a pleasant journey every year, whereby their minds are expanded, their manners improved, and they return with a double zest to the enjoyments of Philadelphia, having learned, quantum est in rebus inane, that is, in the rebuses of other places.

The autumn, or as the Philadelphians call it, the Fall, is the most delightful part of the year, and is sometimes eked out by the Indian Summer as far as Christmas. The Fall begins in the first half of September and generally lasts until the middle of November, when it is succeeded by the Indian Summer; a pleasant period of two or three weeks, in which the mornings, evenings and nights are

abounded in dogs, but the Corporation has since made fierce war upon them, with a view perhaps of lessening the number of Dog Days, and improving the climate, by *curtailing* those innocent beasts.

frosty, and the days comfortably warm and a little hazy. The Indians are supposed to have employed this period in hunting and laying in game for winter's use, before the long-knives made game of *them*.

The population of Philadelphia and its suburbs exceeds 180,000 souls.

## LETTER II.

Breakfast—Nauseous Mixture—Captain Hamilton—Omnibus—Too punctual—Cruise about the City—Dutch Baker Boy—Depot—Confusion—Passengers and Trunks—Unilocular Car—Inclination of Noses—Sexes and Sizes—Red Cloak—Red Nose—Sparks—Danger of Combustion—Englishman—Drawn by Horses four miles—Switchmaster's mistake—Schuylkill Viaduct—Inclined Plane—Scenery—River—Island—Endless Rope—Ascension of the Plane—Cars like a String of Beads—Steam Tug—Departure—Country—Mills, Houses, Barns, Bridges, Roads, of Stone—Pestilent triangular cinders—Conduct of the Passengers—How the Infant demeaned himself—King of Rome—Materials, Cost and Faults of Rail Road—Length of Road and Time—Viaductine Mantraps—Engineer's Ingenuity—Collision of Cars—Low Roofs—Jointed Chimneys—Smoky Ordeal—Remedy—Lancaster—Old appearance—Central Square—Court House—Good Hotel—Sleep repelling power of Cinders—Population.

*Lancaster, August 1, 1836.*

WE sat down to breakfast at half past seven,

and were just in medias res, compounding in a large wine glass that 'nauseous mixture,' composed of a little chloride of sodium, or muriate of soda, or common salt, and a soft boiled fresh egg, (one of Captain Hamilton's American horrors,) when the anticipating Automedon of the Omnibus,\* drove to the door, a bad half hour earlier than the agent had promised, causing us to swallow our coffee furious hot with haste ; as there was no remedy, leaving a longing, lingering look behind at the rescued half of our breakfast, we stowed ourselves and baggage as quick as possible.

\* Perhaps the term Omnibus may be a Londonism for Hominibus, meaning that the moving convenience is intended for men ; as thus, hominibus, cockneyally 'ominibus,' and by English contraction om'nibus, like Brighton for Brighthelmstone, or Redriff, for Rotherhithe. If this conjecture be correct, it would be well to start a vehicle to be called a Mulieribus to be exclusively a feminine convenience ; for the fair sex is invading the Omnibusses in such numbers, that a weary man can hardly get into one, without sitting in a lady's lap.

We first drove to the corner of Eleventh and George streets to pick up a man, then to Arch and Ninth to take in a boy, then a good mile up Ninth to find Wood street ; but our Jehu not being cunning in the city topography, now thought of asking a dutch baker-boy, who was walking under a huge basket of smoking bread, where is Wood street ? ‘ Dis izh Putton-wood zdreed,’ said he under the basket, and a little native who was near, told the driver he had left Wood street far behind ; so he retraced his erring steps, and took in a man and woman in Wood street, and then took a turn into Eleventh street, where he got a great haul consisting of two women and two children, one of whom was a young gentleman who had not yet cast off the nether garment of the nursery. This was a welcome addition to our party, for we are superstitious, and are always glad to have an infant mingled in our cup, whether the draught be by horses, steam, wind, or water ; like the pearl in Cleopatra’s draught,

it increases the value of the compound, and gives assurance of the general safety.

Being now full, we proceeded to the Depot in Broad street to be transferred to a Rail Road Car. After a quarter of an hour of confusion, the passengers and their trunks being at length segregated, the former were packed inside and the latter outside. We had chosen a unilocular car of oval shape with a seat running round the entire inside, so that the nose of each passenger inclined towards some point in a straight line drawn between the two foci of the ellipse. There were in the car about twenty good looking people of all sexes and sizes; of whom one was an old woman in a red cloak, and one was an old gentleman in a red nose; the former amused the company with dreadful accidents supposed to have happened on this self-same road, and the latter was fully occupied in parrying from his ignitable proboscis the dangerous sparks emitted by the engine, which constantly flitted like fire-flies in every direction through the car.



There was a tall, good-looking, gentleman-like Englishman, who seemed like one that had dissipated three-fourths of a large patrimony in liveried servants and other necessities fashionable in old England, and who might have crossed the Atlantic with a view to nurse the remaining fourth, and to see the New World and its odd inhabitants; and by way of gathering information and shortening the ride to Lancaster, he took a long nap.

Two cars filled with passengers and covered with baggage are drawn by four fine horses for about four miles to the foot of the inclined plane, which is on the western bank of the Schuylkill, and is approached by a spacious viaduct extending across the river, built of strong timber and covered with a roof. The cars had scarcely begun to move when it was discovered that they were on the wrong track in consequence of the switchmaster having left the switches open, and every body wished them applied to his own back. This error

being rectified by a retrograde movement, at length the cars started on the right track at the rate of six miles an hour.

The ride to the foot of the plane is very interesting, first passing through a deep cut made forty years ago for a canal that was never finished, and then by a number of beautiful country seats successively arranged on the eastern bank of the Schuylkill ; affording occasional glimpses of the romantic river itself, and the lovely scenery on its western bank. The view from the viaduct towards the north is particularly fine, embracing a long reach of the river with a beautiful island in the foreground, and the banks on both sides occasionally rising into bold hills crowned with romantic villas.

At the foot of the inclined plane the horses were loosed from the cars ; several of which (the number being in the inverse proportion of the weight,) were tied to an endless rope, moved by a steam engine placed on the top of the plane, and presently began to mount

the acclivity with the speed of five miles an hour. No accident occurred, notwithstanding old Mrs. Redridinghood had frightened one of our company out of the car by a direful tale of broken ropes and necks and legs and arms. When the cars had all arrived at the top of the plane, some twelve or fourteen were strung together like beads, and fastened to the latter end of a steam tug, which was already wheezing, puffing and smoking, as if anxious to be off. All these little ceremonies consumed much time, and the train did not leave the top of the inclined plane until ten o'clock.

The inclined plane is more than nine hundred yards in length, and has a perpendicular rise of about one hundred and seventy feet ; it occasions much delay and should be dispensed with, if possible. The machinery will be described in our letter on the Allegheny Portage Rail Road.

The country between Philadelphia and Lancaster, is excelled by none in the United States in cultivation, fertility and beauty. It

is all occupied by a thrifty and industrious population, whose comfortable farm houses, and substantial and capacious stone barns are scattered in every direction. In this part of Pennsylvania, until the construction of the rail road, all the houses, mills, barns, bridges and roads were made of stone. Solidity was the peculiar characteristic of the state. The fashion has changed, and there is now an iron road and wooden bridges.

After many stoppings to let out passengers and let in water, and after taking into our eyes many enchanting views, and millions of little pestilent triangular cinders, we arrived at Lancaster at 3 P. M. without accident or adventure; the passengers demeaned themselves in the most approved fashion, each after his own idiosyncrasy; some talking, some holding their peace; others sleeping, others seeming to be awake; all being extremely agreeable, particularly the little infantile gentleman, who was perfectly at his ease in doing his little occasions, smiling the while in the

faces of the other passengers, and keeping his mother very busy in the proper adjustment of his nether garment, and reminding us of the royal conduct of the little king of Rome, when a deputation of the French senate called to congratulate him on the first anniversary of his birth, thus described in a French paper :

“ Lorsque le Senat s’adressa au Roi de Rome, dans sa couche,

‘ Messieurs’ disait il, ‘ vos discours me touche,’

(Faisant son caca) cela passe de bouche en bouche.”

The Columbia Rail Road is made of the best materials, and has cost the state a great sum ; but it has some great faults. The curves are too numerous, and their radii generally too short, in consequence of which the journey to Columbia (eighty miles) consumes seven or eight hours, instead of four or five. The viaducts are built of wood instead of stone, and the engineer doubting their ability to bear the weight of two trains at once, has brought the two tracks on them so close together, as to prevent two trains passing at the

same time. Thus, in shunning Scylla, has he rushed into the jaws of Charybdis, for in several instances accidents have occurred from the collision of cars upon these insufficient viaducts. The roofs are so low as to prevent the locomotives from having chimneys of a sufficient height to keep the cinders out of the eyes of the passengers, and to prevent the sparks from setting fire to the cars and baggage. The chimneys of the steam-tugs are jointed, and in passing a viaduct the upper part is turned down, which allows the smoke to rush out at so small a height, as to envelope the whole train in a dense and noisome cloud of smoke and cinders.

Notwithstanding these inconveniences, a fine day and a beautiful country made our day's ride very pleasant; as we soon found that the smoky ordeals could be passed without damage, by shutting our mouths and eyes, and holding our noses and tongues.

Lancaster is an older looking city than Philadelphia, for the furor delendi does not

seem to have yet taken possession of its citizens, and they are wise enough to be satisfied with old houses as long as they are comfortable. The houses on the skirts are of one story, and increase in size and stories as they approach the central square, in the middle of which stands the Court House, a middle-aged building of brick. The sides of the square are composed of respectable three-story brick houses, one of which is Mrs. Hubley's Hotel, where we took up our quarters for the night, and found the accommodations very comfortable. It was a long time, however, before nature's sweet restorer took complete possession of our eyes, on account of the vigorous resistance made by the tormenting little cinders, which during our fiery ride had insinuated themselves into those luminaries.

The population of Lancaster exceeds eight thousand souls.





## LETTER III.

The last of the cinders—Leave Lancaster—Columbia—New Bridge—Former Bridge washed away—Views—End of Rail Road—Tolls—Profit to the State—Embark in a Canal Packet—Scenery near Marietta—What a Canal Packet is—Manner of getting on therein—Night arrangement—Bar—Kitchen—Cook—Recreations—Bridges—Possible abridgment—Speed—Three Tetrapods—One Dipod—Rope, how fastened and let loose—Harrisburgh—How the Sun set—Lamentation—What kind of Line there should be—Duncan's Island—Scenery thereabout—Bridge—Mode of crossing the River—The River Juniata—Land on the Island—Capital House—The Island—Beautiful ride round it—The Rivers and their opposite banks.

*Duncan's Island, August 3, 1835.*

WE awoke yesterday at the flight of night and in the process of ablution detected all the marauding little cinders in the corners of our

eyes, endeavouring to sneak off without further notice, as if to escape punishment for the damage they had done. Throwing no impediment in the way of their welcome departure, we left Lancaster at 5 A. M. in a Rail Road Car drawn by two horses, tandem ; arrived at Columbia in an hour and a half, and stopped at Mr. Donley's Red Lion Hotel, where we breakfasted and dined, and found the house comfortable and well kept.

Columbia is twelve miles from Lancaster, and is situated on the eastern bank of the noble river Susquehanna ; it is a thriving and pretty town, and is rapidly increasing in business, population and wealth. There is an immense bridge here, over the Susquehanna, the superstructure of which, composed of massy timber, rests upon stone piers. This bridge is new, having been built within three years. The waters of the Susquehanna resembling the citizens of Philadelphia in their dislike to old buildings, took the liberty three years ago, to destroy the old bridge by means of an ice

freshet, though it was but twenty years of age and still in excellent preservation. The views from the bridge up and down the river are very interesting.

Here is the western termination of the Rail Road, and goods from the seaboard intended for the great West are here transhipped into canal boats. Columbia contains about twenty-five hundred souls.

The State does not afford the public as good a commodity of travelling, as the public ought to have for the money paid. For locomotive power each passenger car pays two cents per mile, and half a cent per mile for each passenger : for toll each passenger car pays two cents per mile, and one cent per mile for each passenger : burthen cars pay half the above rates. The estimated cost of working a locomotive, including interest and repairs, is sixteen dollars per diem ; and the daily sum earned is twenty-eight dollars ; affording a daily profit to the state of twelve dollars on each locomotive. Empty cars pay the same

toll and power-hire as full ones, which is unreasonable, and unfavourable to the increase of business.

At 4 P. M. we went on board the canal boat of the Pioneer Line, to ascend the canal, which follows the eastern bank of the Susquehanna. The pretty town of Marietta is two miles above Columbia, on the same side of the river. That part of the river lying between the two towns, in some points of view resembles closely the scenery of Harper's Ferry, and is quite equal to it in beauty and sublimity. *Rosie*

A canal packet boat is a microcosm that contains almost as many specimens of natural history as the Ark of Noah. It is nearly eighty feet long and eleven wide ; and has a house built in it that extends to within six or seven feet of stem and stern. Thirty-six feet in length of said house are used as a cabin by day, and a dormitory by night ; the forward twelve feet being nocturnally partitioned off by an opaque curtain, when there are more than four ladies on board, for their accommo-

dation. In front of said twelve feet, there is an apartment of six feet containing four permanent berths and separated from the cabin by a wooden partition, with a door in it : this is called the ladies' dressing-room, and is sacred to their uses.

At nine P. M. the steward and his satellites begin the work of arranging the sleeping apparatus. This consists of a wooden frame six feet long and twenty inches wide, with canvas nailed over it, a thin mattress and sheets, &c. to match. The frame has two metallic points on one side which are inserted into corresponding holes in the side of the cabin, and its horizontality is preserved by little ropes descending from the ceiling fastened to its other side. There are three tiers of these conveniences on each side, making twenty-four for gentlemen, and twelve for ladies, besides the four permanent berths in the ladies' dressing-room. The number of berths, however, does not limit the number of passengers ; for a packet is like Milton's Pandemonium, and when it is

brim full of imps, the inhabitants seem to grow smaller so as to afford room for more poor devils to come in and be stewed ; and tables and settees are put into a sleeping fix in the twinkling of a bedpost.

Abaft the cabin is a small apartment four feet square, in which the steward keeps for sale all sorts of potables, and some sorts of eatables. Abaft that is the kitchen, in which there is generally an emancipated or escaped slave from Maryland or Virginia, of some shade between white and black, who performs the important part of cook with great effect. The breakfasts, dinners and suppers are good, of which the extremes cost twenty-five cents each, and the mean thirty-seven and a half.

The passengers can recreate by walking about on the roof of the cabin, at the risque of being decapitated by the bridges which are passed under at short intervals of time. But this accident does not often happen, for the man at the helm is constantly on the watch to prevent such an unpleasant abridgment of

the passengers, and gives notice of the approaching danger by crying out ‘ bridge.’

This machine, with all that it inherits, is dragged through the water at the rate of three miles and a half per hour by three horses, driven tandem by a dipod with a long whip, who rides the hindmost horse. The rope, which is about one hundred yards in length, is fastened to the side of the roof, at the distance of twenty feet from the bow, in such fashion that it can be loosed from the boat in a moment by touching a spring. The horses are changed once in about three hours and seem very much jaded by their work.

Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania, is situated on the eastern bank of the Susquehanna, twenty-eight miles above Columbia, and the canal runs by the eastern side of the town. The scenery for the whole distance is very interesting, but we had the misfortune to miss the last eighteen miles of it, in consequence of the sun setting in the midst of our regrets. And here we cannot but give vent

to our lamentation, that there is not a line of canal packets travelling only by day ; drawn by five horses at the rate of five miles per hour ; starting at 5 A. M. and stopping at 7 P. M. at good hotels in pleasant places ; furnishing breakfast and dinner on board. Such a line would draw such a concourse of pleasure-seekers as would soon fill the pockets of the *enterprising proprietors*.

At an hour past midnight we arrived at Harrisburg, where the boat stopped for half an hour to let out and take in passengers. It was pitch dark, and nothing was visible but the lamps of an omnibus waiting on the quay to carry passengers to the hotels. We went on deck to see what we could see and to prevent our trunks from visiting the capital by mistake. Harrisburg contains more than forty-five hundred inhabitants. Tired of the night we retired and tried to sleep it into morning. At five A. M. we rose, and finding ourselves unrefreshed and weary with unrest and heat, determined to land on Duncan's Island, which



we were now approaching. The scene around us was a combination of the magnificence of nature in her grandest and wildest mood, and of the ingenuity of art in some of her greatest efforts. The canal runs along the south western side of a mountain, in whose basement of rock its bed is partly cut ; and separated from the Susquehanna by an enormous wall of stone and earth, it debouches through a wide opening of solid masonry into the mighty river, here converted into a lake by an immense dam. As the boat entered the river, the horses ascended to a gallery high in air, attached to the side of a great bridge of timber, which here extends its numerous and expanded arches across the river, and thus drew us across the wide expanse of water.

Having passed the river, the boat entered the canal on the south-western side of Duncan's Island, through a superb lock of solid masonry ; the romantic river Juniata discharging its limpid waters into the Susquehanna close on the left. This meeting of the waters is an

interesting locality, and should be seen to be justly appreciated.

After proceeding a furlong the boat stopped, and we landed and took up our quarters at Mrs. Duncan's, whose spacious mansion stands on the island, about one hundred yards from the northern bank of the canal. Travellers find here all the good things contained in the category of comfort; and may spend a day or two very pleasantly in rambling about the romantic scenery of the island and its vicinity; and will be well fed by day and well lodged by night; here

—— ne turpe toral, ne sordida mappa  
Corruget nares; ne non et cantharus, et lanx  
Ostendat tibi te; ——Hor. Epist. V. Lib. I.

The house is large, and the chambers spacious, well aired and clean; and the windows shaded by the branches of gigantic trees. The island is partly under culture as a farm, and partly covered with wood; and the ride round its banks of about two miles and a half,

is very pleasant for equestrians. It is situated at the confluence of the Susquehanna and Juniata, and contains three hundred and sixty acres of good land, and is said to be healthy. It is a plain elevated about twenty-five feet above the surface of the rivers, whose opposing banks consist of high hills covered with forest, and afford a delightful contrast with the flat and cultivated island.



## LETTER IV.

Good Sleep—Leave the Island—Packet Delaware, Captain Williams—Aqueduct—Scenery of the Juniata—Millerstown, Mexico, Mifflin, Lewistown—Beer—Captains, like Doctors, differ—Good Arrangement—The Captain's savoir faire—Possible comfort, its dimensions—Waynesburg, Hamiltonville, Huntingdon, Petersburg, Alexandria, Williamsburg—Rain—Arrival at Hallidaysburg—Basin—End of Canal—Hallidaysburg after a week's rain—Wooden walk—Muddy intersections—Moore's Hotel—Good table—Where a Hotel should be built—Youth of Town—Rapid growth—Site—Beginning of Rail Road—Little chamber—Great cleanliness—Double bed, &c.

*Hallidaysburg, August 5, 1835.*

AT Duncan's Island we had a comfortable and refreshing night's rest ; and at 6, A. M. yesterday, we embarked in the Canal Packet, Delaware, Captain Williams, to continue our

voyage to this place. The canal pursues the bank of the island in a north-western course for about a mile, and then crosses the Juniata over a substantial aqueduct built of timber and roofed in. We had now reached a most romantic region, having the Juniata and the ever-changing scenery of its bold and picturesque banks constantly in view; now swelling into gentle hills, partly in culture and partly in woods; now rising abruptly into mountains, whose primeval forests seemed untrod by man; now subsiding into little plains and vallies occupied by villages and towns. In the course of the day we passed Millers-town, Mexico, and Mifflin, and arrived at Lewistown before sunset, a distance of about forty miles.

All these little towns have an interesting appearance, and possess various features of beauty, but the situation and aspect of Lewistown are peculiarly charming. They are all rapidly increasing in wealth and population, in consequence of the great amount of busi-

ness done on the canal; and many new and handsome buildings are rapidly springing up in all of them. Lewistown contains about sixteen hundred inhabitants, some of whom make excellent beer.

The discipline and arrangements on board of Captain Williams's Packet are excellent, and his cook, a Maryland black, is a master of arts in culinary matters; the remark of the ancient poet, is by no means to be applied to him;

Hic niger\* est; hunc tu Romane caveto.

There is a difference in Captains; all are anxious to acquit themselves in the best manner; but all do not possess the *savoir faire*. Captain Williams possesses this knowledge, and makes his passengers as comfortable "die noctuque," as it is possible for forty people to be, who are included in a moving

\* Why did the poet spell *nigger* with one g? Duke Hildebrod was more superfluous in his orthography of Nigel.

parallellopipedon, whose length, breadth and height, are represented by 42, 11, and 6 feet. Consequently we passed a tolerable night, though there were twenty-eight in the men's cabin.

We passed Waynesburg and Hamiltonville\* during the night, and arrived at Huntingdon at seven this morning. In the course of the day we passed Petersburg, Alexandria and Williamsburg, and at 3 p. m., arrived at a shower of rain which lasted us three hours. At half past six, p. m., the Packet glided into the basin at Hallidaysburg. In this artificial basin, which is large and commodious, terminates that part of the Pennsylvania Canal which lies east of the Allegheny Mountains. The goods destined to the West, are taken from the boats and placed in Burthen Cars which are to carry them over the mountains, by means of the Allegheny Portage Rail

\* Barbarous word! ville is superfluous; ton, which means toun or town, is sufficient.



Road, which we shall describe, not now, but in a future letter.

At Hallidaysburg, we were informed that the shower above-mentioned had been pouring down for a week; whilst with us the weather had been delightful. So long a continuance of an American rain had reduced the village to a most unamiable condition. The streets were almost rivers of mud, and the houses seemed as if founded upon that yielding material. Moore's Hotel, to which we were bound, appeared on a slight elevation at the awful distance of three mortal muddy squares, and that catholic conveyance, vulgarly called an omnibus, was not in attendance; so we had no alternative but to trust to the virtue of our own legs. We stepped upon the mud-covered quay, and picked our dirty way to the hither end of a walk five feet wide, made of boards, and intended to lead passengers dry shod to Moore's Hotel. This answered very well, until we came to the two cross streets, across which the walk

did not extend, to allow of the passage of vehicles with wheels. The only mode of passage here, is wading ankle deep.

All these little *agremens* might be effectually abolished, by building a large Hotel on the quay close to the basin, so that the packets could come to the steps of the piazza.

Hallidaysburg has the air of a new clearing, and looks so unfinished, that one might suppose it to have been built within a year. Its site is good, rising gradually from the basin to a pleasant elevation. Many substantial buildings are going up, and it is evident that rapid increase is the destiny of the town.

The Allegheny Portage Rail Road commences here, and leads by a gently rising grade, four miles from the foot of the mountain, whither the cars are drawn by horses.

Moore's Hotel is a substantial and spacious brick building, and is as well kept as the circumstances of the place will permit. The table is good, and the landlord and his people

very obliging ; but the house, though large, is insufficient for the company. We were the first to reach it from our Packet, and yet we found but one room vacant ; if that can be called *room*, in which there is no *room* : the little place is six feet wide and fourteen feet long, containing a double bed, two chairs and a wash stand ; but as Pat would say, its cleanliness is as great as its littleness, which is a great blessing in so little a place. The other chambers are larger, and there are two good parlours.

The condition of the streets prevented excursions to see the town.



## LETTER V.

Breakfast—Departure—Distance—Direction—Roads very bad, much worse, fourth degree of comparison—Weather—St. Clair, alias Buckstown—Peregrini Amicus—Company—Dinner Party—Apieius, Quin—Dinner and its variety—Synchronism—Father-in-law—Landlord—Load of Logs—Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek—Road to Bedford—To Springs—Approach to Springs—Lovely Valley, stream, forest, hills, lake, island, bridges, mill, delight, surprise—Federal Hill—Buildings—Drawing and Dining Room—People in them—Bubbles—Chambers—Piazzas—Kitchen—Billiards—Garden—Basin with Statue and Fountain—Constitution Hill—Baths—Walk—Pavilion—Idleness—Penknife ambition.

*Bedford Springs, Aug. 7, 1835.*

AT half past eight yesterday morning, after a good and abundant breakfast, we left Hallidaysburg in a small six-seat coach, and four

horses, for this place. The distance is thirty-four bad miles, and the direction nearly due south. Nature made this road very bad, and the last week's rain has made very bad much worse, so that its badness is now in the fourth degree, being most superlative.

The day was cloudy, rainy, and doubtful, by turns; now closing the window on one side, now on the other; and through this agreeable variety of weather, we jolted twenty-one miles in six hours, to St. Clair, commonly called Buckstown; a little village consisting of two taverns, a blacksmith shop and three or four dwellings. Our Automedon pulled up at the tavern whose sign displayed the name of P. Amich, probably a contraction of Peregrini Amicus, for such we found him in reality to be; if one may be considered the traveller's friend, who furnishes him with many good things for a reasonable consideration, as Trapbois hath it.

Two private carriages had fallen into our wake, their drivers being wide awake, and

thinking that they might go through the ruts that we should pass in safety ; so making us their touchstone of the value of the road. Their contents swelled our dinner party to about a dozen, and in half an hour we sat down to a table that would have satisfied Apicius or Quin, had either of those worthies travelled our road.

It was a very fine specimen of a country tavern dinner, and may thus be described. Table cloth like snow ; chickens and ham excellent ; eggs boiled to a bubble, and looking as if laid for the occasion ; coffee, tea, cream, bread and butter to match ; and to crown all, young and tender virgin honey in the comb, of a delicate straw colour approaching white, and almost transparent ; cheese, and several kinds of preserves.

It should be observed, that all these dainties synchronised on the table, giving it a rich, abundant, and most inviting aspect. The company, however, were at liberty to swallow them in any order, and in any

quantity that was to them convenient; each person paying for his quota, thirty-seven cents. We had almost forgotten to mention a pleasant looking personage that opened the carriage door and welcomed us to the tavern, whose ventral rotundity and facial rubicundity were most competent and credible witnesses that good cheer awaited us within. We mistook this personage for the landlord, from the easy and agreeable, though unpretending manner in which he did the honors of the house. Upon addressing him in that style, however, he very modestly disclaimed the honour, informing us that his son-in-law held that distinction, and that he was expected soon to return from the wood, whither he had gone with the wagon to fetch a load of logs. When that dignitary made his appearance, he bore just such a resemblance to the stout gentleman, both in person and action, that Sir Andrew Aguecheek does to Sir Toby Belch, and it was evident from a certain "ego-et-rex-meus" air fluttering about



Sir Toby, that he was the ruler of the roast. But the roast was well ruled, and with such good nature and liberality as showed, that in Pennsylvania, as in Turkey,

“ 'Tis a very fine thing to be pet son-in-law,  
To a very rich rubicund Buckstownd bashaw.”

*Old Farce.*

This comfortable establishment, just such a haven as a weary traveller loves to nestle in, we left at 3 P. M., and found the remainder of the road to the town of Bedford, a distance of eleven miles, much better. The country improves in appearance as you approach that village, which is beautifully situated on a little plain surrounded by hills of various and picturesque shapes. It is two miles of excellent road from the town to the Springs, which we reached in safety at 6 P. M.

As it approaches the Springs, the road suddenly descends, and like Sadak in search of the waters of oblivion, you plunge at once into a shady and sequestered valley, refreshed

by a clear cool stream, and bounded by towering forest-covered hills; whose lovely aspect cannot but fill you with delight and surprise. The stream passes under several romantic bridges, then expands into a little lake, having in its centre an enchanted island planted with various shrubs, then turns the wheel of a pretty little mill, and passing from the valley hastens to unite its waters with the greater stream of the Juniata. The ridge which bounds the valley on the west, is called Federal Hill; at whose eastern foot stand the principal buildings destined to receive the numerous and agreeable visitors, who seek for health and amusement in this pleasant valley, in each revolving summer.

The preceding description will be rendered more accurate, by adding to it the following lines employed by the refined and witty Flaccus, to convey to a friendly mind, a true picture of his own delightful retreat.

The poet's valley opened to the east and west, whereas that of our Bedford stretches

from north to south, which gives it the advantage of greater variety of light and shade, as the fleeting hours successively fulfil the day.

“ Continui montes ; ni dissocientur opaca  
 Valle : sed ut veniens dextrum latus aspiciat Sol,  
 Lævum discedens curru fugiente vaporet.  
 Temperiem laudes. —————  
 ————— Si quercus et ilex  
 Multa fruge pecus, multa dominum juvat umbra.  
 Fons etiam rivo dare nomen idoneus, ut nec  
 Frigidior Thracam nec purior ambiat Hebrus,  
*Infirmo capiti* fluit utilis, utilis *alvo*.  
 Hæ latebræ dulces, et (jam si credis) amœnæ,  
 Incolumem tibi me præstant —————

*Hor. Epist. 16 Lib. I.*

Like that of the poet's villa, the temperature is worthy of all praise, the shade is delightful, the fountain might name a river cooler and clearer than Hebrus, and cure a headache or a cholic, far beyond the reach of Dr. Kichenner's persuaders.

There are two large buildings communicating by piazzas, one being of stone and the other of wood, and each being one hundred

and thirty feet long, and two stories and a half high. In the southern building is a handsome drawing-room; and a large apartment, a dancing room by night, a dining room by day, and capacious enough to accommodate two hundred dancers or diners. In this room may be seen congregated together thrice a day, doing honour to Mr. Brown's excellent viands, industriously, quietly and decorously, an interesting party of ladies and gentlemen from Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, consisting of governors, judges, senators and congressmen *in esse* or *fuisse*, and even presidents and vice-presidents in *posse*; for there is scarce a lad of twenty in the United States who does not aspire to the presidency.

All these functionaries, (*cum eorum uxori-  
bus filiabusque*,) harmonise very pleasantly, and their *modus vivendi* much resembles that of the eaters and drinkers at Langenschwalbach, so pleasantly and elegantly described by the author of Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau.

The story above the dining room consists of two rows of chambers separated by a long passage six feet wide. Each chamber is about sixteen feet long and thirteen wide, and has two windows; they are furnished with bedsteads, bedding, tables, bureaus, chairs, &c. and are kept clean and comfortable. The northern building, which is of stone, is entirely divided into sleeping rooms; in one of which we are now writing this interesting epistle. Both buildings on their eastern front are protected from the morning sun, by piazzas extending from end to end, from top to bottom, and storied like the houses.

At a short distance to the south-east of these edifices, its length being at right angles with theirs, stands another wooden building one hundred and forty feet long; in whose basement the culinary operations are carried on; whose ground floor is devoted to billiards, and its upper story to sleeping rooms. In front of this building is a little garden, in which is a large basin of water, in whose centre, on a

pyramid of rock, stands a figure of Hygiea holding in her hand a bowl, in which she receives the water of a fountain perpetually playing above her head.

A little beyond the garden to the east, a handsome bridge leads across the stream to Constitution Hill, a towering ridge, the boundary of the valley on the east. At the foot of this hill is another edifice filled with baths both hot and cold, which are under very good management. Cut in the western side of Constitution Hill, and leading by a zigzag course to its elevated summit, is a pleasant walk, shaded by the trees and bordered by the flowers of the forest. The hill is very bold in its ascent, but the walk is so skilfully laid out, as to enable strollers to attain the rural pavilion on the hill-top without fatigue. There you may sit, shut out from the world below by the thick foliage, and take your fill of idleness, musing, and looking lazily through a long vista at the distant hills. The walk is pleasantest in the morning, before the eastern sun

has climbed the hill. The benches and wooden columns of the pavilion have suffered much from the ruthless ambition of that numerous class of aspirants after immortality, who endeavour to cut their way to the temple of Fame with their penknives, and inflict the ambitious initials of their illustrious names on every penetrable piece of stuff they meet. As a goose delights in its gosling, so does one of these wits in his whittling.





## LETTER VI.

Fine weather—Too short days—Bell at 7 A. M.—Rising and Drinking—Breakfast Bell—Fair, to eat—Fare, to be eaten—Abundance, of Food, Time, Place and Circumstance—Virginia Letters—Doings after breakfast—Read or Sew; Sleep or so—Masculine and Feminine Amusements—Fishers of Men—Dinner—Mutton, Wales—Venison, Blenheim Park—Cheap Deer, plentiful and paradoxical—Hominy—How to prepare it—How to eat it—Unhappy people—Afternoon—Occupation and Idleness—Supper—The Hour after—Music and preparation for Dancing—Family of Musicians—Epaminondas; his music and dancing—Sunday—Church sometimes in Dining Room.

*Bedford Springs, August 10, 1835.*

THE weather has been very fine, and the days pass so pleasantly that they seem too short for the time of year. If Aurora has not previously raised your eyelids, a bell breaks

your slumbers at 7 A. M.; you rise and drink three glasses of the mineral water; (that is enough;) you dress and descend to the lower piazza, where half an hour's walk will conspire with the water to do you service. The bell for breakfast rings at eight, previous to which event the drawing-room has been gradually filled with the early and hungry fair, who are to eat, and the table has been filled with the boiled and baked and broiled fare, that is to be eaten. The etiquette of the table is similar to that observed at the Virginia Springs, and will be found described in our letters on those delightful watering-places in pages 19 and 20; to which we refer our curious and intelligent readers. There is abundance here, not only of edibles and potables, but also of room and time; circumstances which are extremely favourable to a full and fair discussion of the subjects that are laid before the company.

After breakfast, all who are able to walk, may be seen sauntering over the bridge, and

wandering along the further bank of the stream ; and some more ambitious than the rest actually carrying their breakfasts to the top of Constitution Hill ; there to sit awhile and chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy.

In an hour or two the ladies retire to read or sew, perchance to sleep or so ; and when tired of their rooms, they tyre for dinner. There are some enterprising exceptions who take a drive in a barouche or a ride on horse-back. The masculine amusements are billiards, shooting, fishing and politics ; the ladies also indulge a little in the two latter diversions ; but then they are fishers of men, and use their angles with success and grace.

At two P. M. the bell again invites to the table well covered with flesh, fowl, fish and vegetables. Among the most honoured viands are mountain mutton and wild venison ; the former as good as that of Wales, and the latter better than that of Blenheim Park ; as it is very tender and has a fine wild game flavour. It is plentiful here, and paradoxical,

for though it is *deer*, yet it is *cheap*. Among the vegetable preparations, one of the most enticing and satisfactory is hominy; and it sometimes disappears with such amazing velocity and voracity, that on one occasion we were obliged to request our friend the President Judge of the district, who sat vis a vis, to issue a writ de homine replegiando. Hominy is made of maize or Indian corn, the grains of which are cracked into several pieces and the skin rubbed off. One-fourth of its bulk of a small dried bean is mixed with it, and it is boiled or simmered for seven or eight hours. It is enriched with butter and seasoned with salt, and served up smoking hot and white as snow. It is in truth a lovely and a wholesome compound, and very worthy to accompany a piece of roast or boiled corn-fed turkey and a slice of Maryland ham, down the hungry throat. This dainty is but little known to the unhappy people who dwell east of the river Hudson, and but few transatlantics have ever heard its name. It is for the benefit of

such that we have noticed it, and shall describe every thing we see in Pennsylvania,

“*Planius ac melius Chrysippo et Crantore;*”

in order that they may understand better

“*Quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non.*”

The afternoon is divided between occupation and idleness, much after the manner of the morning. An hour before tea the purlieus are again enlivened by the appearance of numbers of both sexes ; many of whom visit the principal mineral spring to imbibe a little of its liquid treasure. At 7 P. M. the welcome summons of the bell recalls the wanderers to the festive board, now spread for supper. After this last meal of the day, the company collect in the drawing-room, which communicates with the dining-room by a folding door. Here they pass a chatty hour, whilst the familiars are arranging the latter for a dance, by withdrawing the tables to the further end. When the metamorphosis is complete the ball-room is not very grand ;

‘The ceiling boasts no polymyx,  
No drapery the windows ;  
The folks think more of politics  
Than finery within doors.’

*Kentucky Ballad.*

The musicians have no orchestra, but sit in chairs upon the floor, and are all members of one German family, consisting of a father\* and five or six sons, who play admirably upon different instruments, whose first harmony draws the dancers to the floor ; and the more sedate are left to the pleasures of talk, or whist, or chess, in the drawing-room. By 11 P. M. another day is added to the past, and every sound is hushed in sleep.

On Sunday the occupations are different, for all that can find a place of worship agreeable to their religious views, go to church. If

\* Unhappily the name of this musical patriarch has escaped us, or we would have made him as immortal as Dionysius and Olympiodorus the music-masters of that grave and philosophic soldier and accomplished old bachelor Epaminondas, or even as the graceful Calliphron the distinguished maitre de danse of that same learned Theban.

it should happen that a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal church be sojourning at the springs, Sunday converts the dining room into a place of worship, and most of the company are satisfied to stay at home and attend the solemn and edifying service of the church.





## LETTER VII.

Weather—Temperature—Nights fit for snoozing—  
Warm and Bright days—Height of the Valley's bottom—Rationale of Climate—Anderson's Spring—  
Position—Temperature—Taste—Smell—Flat—Clear—  
—No Sediment—Doctor Church's valuable Analysis—  
—Contents of Water, solid and gaseous—Fletcher's Spring—Differences—Powers of the Water—Diseases to be cured—Travelling Water—Price—Allowance for a Toper—Brandy, Love and Jealousy—Wine and Water Poets—Limestone Water—Its volume—Lower Level—Sulphur Spring—Its Contents—Sweet Springs—Coolness and Purity.

*Bedford Springs, August 13, 1835.*

THE weather has been very fine since our arrival, and the temperature delightful; the nights are cool and apt for snoozing, the mornings and evenings mild, and the days comfortable, warm and bright.

The bottom of this valley is about one thousand feet higher than the site of Philadelphia, which sufficiently accounts for the superiority of its summer climate.

There are several springs, the most important of which is Anderson's; which gushes abundantly from a lime stone rock on the western side of Constitution Hill, at an elevation of thirty feet above the rivulet, and at a distance of sixty feet from its eastern bank. The water is transparent and sparkling, and exhibits a temperature of fifty-eight degrees according to the scale of Fahrenheit, when the same thermometer would stand at seventy in the surrounding air. It has a slight saline taste, but no smell. When exposed in a vessel to the air, it becomes flat, but retains its clearness, and deposits no sediment.

The stream from the spring deposits carbonate of iron, on those substances it continually flows over.

Doctor William Church of Pittsburg, gives

the following analysis of a quart of the water from Anderson's spring.

'A quart of water, evaporated to dryness, gave *thirty-one* grains of a residuum. The same quantity of water, treated agreeably to the rule laid down by Westrumb, contained eighteen and a half inches of carbonic acid gas.—The residuum, treated according to the rules given by Dr. Henry, in his System of Chemistry, gave the following result :  
'Sulphate of Magnesia or Epsom

Salts,	-	-	-	20	grains.
' Sulphate of Lime,	-			$3\frac{3}{4}$	"
' Muriate of Soda,	-			$2\frac{1}{2}$	"
' Do. of Lime,	-			$\frac{3}{4}$	"
' Carbonate of Iron,	-			$1\frac{1}{4}$	"
' Do. of Lime,	-			2	"
' Loss,	-			$\frac{3}{4}$	"
<hr/>					
					31 grains.
<hr/>					

'To which must be added  $18\frac{1}{2}$  cubic inches of carbonic acid gas.'

At the distance of one hundred and fifty yards to the south of Anderson's spring, another abundant spring called Fletcher's, flows from a limestone rock on the western side of Constitution Hill.

Doctor Church's experiments on the water of this spring, produced nearly the same results as above described, with respect to Anderson's spring; except in detecting a little more iron and common salt; and a little less magnesia. With the surrounding air at seventy, the water in this spring exhibits fifty-five degrees of Fahrenheit.

These waters are antacid, mildly cathartic and tonic, and not being nauseous, may be taken with comfort by the most delicate stomach. Experience has proved that they are capable of putting to flight an army of diseases; and when the body personal is thoroughly soaked with them *secundum artem*, like Pandora's patent box, it parts with an *Ilias malorum*, and hope remains behind.

Any persons possessing any of the under-

mentioned diseases, may become the beneficiaries of these benignant waters : Diseases of the stomach and intestines ; dyspepsia ; hæmorrhoids ; worms ; calculus ; gravel ; anasarca ; suppression or excess of various secretions ; diabetes ; gout ; debility remaining after acute diseases ; and all those chronicobiliary affections originating in southern climates.

The waters have acquired so great a reputation, that immense quantities are sent away daily in barrels to perform long and expensive journeys by land, to go and cure those, who cannot come to them. The price of a barrel filled, and ready booted and spurred for its journey is three dollars ; and that is enough to last a regular and prudent toper four months.

Visitors at the Springs grow so fond of the water, that Brandy, Gin, Usquebaugh, Rum, Champagne, and the rest of their old and virtuous loves, are soon routed from their affections, and whistled down the stream of

oblivion. It is feared that this may excite the jealousy of the temperance societies, as trenching somewhat upon their ground; and that it may prevent poets from spending a few pleasant days at the Springs; because Horace says,—

Nulla placere diu nec vivere carmina possunt,  
Quæ scribunter aquæ potoribus.—*Epist.* 19. *Lib.* 1.

It is however probable that he did not mean Bedford water; therefore let the Poets come, and resist the watery seduction if they can.

There is also a very copious spring of limestone water issuing from several crevices in a rock at the western foot of Constitution Hill, about two hundred yards north of Anderson's spring, and forty feet below its level. Its volume is sufficient to turn an overshot mill, and its temperature is fifty-one.

On the western side of the rivulet, and at a distance of two hundred yards from Anderson's spring, rises a spring whose water exhales a strong odour of sulphuretted hydro-

gen gas, and is covered by a thin whitish pellicle. Doctor Church's experiments proved it to contain carbonic acid and sulphuretted hydrogen gas; and small quantities of lime, magnesia, and common salt. Its temperature is fifty-six.

The place is also blessed with two pure springs, clear as light, and cool as the cave of Calypso. The element flowing from these sources is so pure that the chemical tests do not discolour it. The springs are situated on the eastern side of Federal Hill, and from their tasteless purity and delicious coolness, have obtained the name of *Sweet*. Their temperature is fifty-two.





## LETTER VIII.

Departure from the Springs—Mail Coach—Exercise—Views—Ascent of the Allegheny—Parting of the Waters—Atlantic, Mississippi—Look behind—Mountain Top—Level Country—Farms—Grass, Oats, Buckwheat—Descent—Laurel Hill—Elevated Valley—Its breadth—Somerset—Its Climate—McAdam—Blacksmiths and Wheelwrights—Golden Swan Tavern—Customs—Table d' Hote—Boarders—Host and Hostess—Peace and Plenty—Silver Forks—Hours of Meals—Early Breakfast welcome—Good Intention—Rain.

*Somerset, August 14, 1835.*

AT 10 A. M. yesterday, the weather being clear and warm, we left the Springs in a hack to join the Mail Coach at Bedford on its way to Somerset. In an hour we were snugly ensconced in one of Mr. Reeside's well appointed coaches, and rumbling over the stone turn-

pike on our way to the great west. The road is safe but rough, and affords good exercise and sometimes interesting views. For eleven miles it is not very hilly, and at that distance stands a little tavern, where the coach gets fresh horses, and the passengers a dinner, as necessary preparations for surmounting the Allegheny Mountain.

The country now rises gradually from plateau to plateau for a distance of fourteen miles, when you reach the top of the Allegheny ; the great ridge which is the parting of the waters. The streams behind you flow into the Atlantic, and those before you into the Mississippi. On the ascent are many fine views, which you lose, unless you throw backward an occasional glance, as you rise from hill to higher hill beyond. On the very summit is a large stone tavern where the coach takes fresh horses. Hence for seven or eight miles, which may be considered as the mountain top, the country is nearly level, and consists of farms and forests inter-

mingled. The fields of grass, oats and buckwheat promise to repay the farmers' labours with abundant crops.

For the next six miles the country gradually descends, by alternate declivities and levels, into the broad valley which lies between the summits of the Allegheny Mountain and Laurel Hill. The distance between the summits is about twenty miles, and the general surface of the valley is not much depressed below them. Somerset stands in this elevated valley, and its climate is proportionably cool.

We reached that village at half past seven, P. M. having been eight hours and a half in travelling thirty-eight miles from Bedford. The road is an oldfashioned stone turnpike, made before McAdam had taught the nations how small to break their stone; it is therefore hard, and rough, and safe, and jolty, and slow to travel; good for health, and profitable to blacksmiths and wheelwrights.

The coach set us down at the Golden

Swan, a very good house, where we found the rooms large and clean, the beds comfortable, and the table abundantly supplied with good things. In these far-away taverns, private tables and parlours, are neither thought of nor wanted. You eat at what would be called in Europe a Table d'Hôte; not served indeed with so much ceremony, but furnished with more substantial fare. Here you meet a few quiet permanent boarders, young lawyers or merchants of the place; and the host and hostess, plain people, who bestir themselves to make you as comfortable as possible; and you can always get your meal in peace and plenty, unless some unhappy prejudice sticks in your throat, and impedes your deglutition: such as, that vegetables can only be eaten with a silver fork; or the horror of eating peas with a knife. Cockneys who are seized with the ambition of seeing the world, should leave these little matters at home.

There are generally, besides the dining room, one or two apartments furnished and

used as parlours, but common to all the boarders, who use them as members of the same family. The hours of breakfast and dinner are six and twelve; rather early for our eastern habits, but if you will go to bed at eight, you will find breakfast welcome at six next morning.

Several coaches pass here every day, both east and west; but none of them stay all night; so that travellers who have stopped here cannot be sure of a departure; we shall therefore retire to-night with the intention, though not the certainty of getting into the coach for Pittsburg, which will pass at three A. M. to-morrow. It has been raining all day, which has prevented us from perambulating the village.



## LETTER IX.

Departure before daylight—Summit of Laurel Hill—Jones's Mills—Its Beauties and Delights—Case's good Tavern—Sports—Western Descent of the Mountain—Splendid View—Mount Pleasant—Rich, cultivated, beautiful Country—Stewartsville—Turtle Creek—Its beautiful Scenery—Approach to Pittsburgh—Disappointment—Pittsburghers—Author of Memoir of Cabot—Noise, Dust, Smoke—Exchange Hotel—Easy writing—Error—Point unparalleled—Three Rivers—British and French ambition—Two great Bridges—Allegheny Village—Aqueduct—Canal and Tunnel—Braddock's Field of Defeat—Young Washington—Steam Crackers—What we shall do, whilst crossing the Portage Rail Road.

*Pittsburgh, August 16, 1835.*

SURE enough, at 3½ A. M. yesterday, the coach from the east bound to Pittsburgh came rattling up to the door of our Hotel in Somer-

set, and we were soon waked, washed, and willingly wending on our westward way. It continued dark for an hour and an half, during which period we were traversing a part of the elevated valley between the summits of the Allegheny and Laurel Hill, which may be considered as the eastern and western buttresses of an elevated table twenty miles in breadth. We now began to ascend the summit of Laurel Hill, which we passed at 7 A. M. and in an hour more reached Jones's Mills, about one-third down the western declivity of the mountain.

This is a most romantic and beautiful spot, abounding with all sorts of natural delights; fish, flesh, and fowl; hunting, shooting, and fishing; streams, woods, mountains and valleys; and last not least, an excellent old tavern kept by Mr. Case in the good old fashioned way, in which cleanliness and the comforts of the guests are looked to with the discerning eye of an experienced host.

This is a pleasant resort for sportsmen,



who love to cheat the speckled trout with feigned fly, or hit the far off bounding deer with ball from rifle true. It is also a pleasant place for those honest philosophers who do not disdain to partake of the savoury products of such manly sports, when smoking on the genial board.

We got an excellent breakfast at Jones's Mills, and a fresh set of horses, and resumed our journey refreshed and invigorated. For six or seven miles we continued to descend gradually the western declivity of Laurel Hill; when suddenly emerging from the forest, the valley at the mountain's foot burst upon our sight. We were still high enough to command a splendid view of ten or twelve miles in extent, composed of alternate tracts of forest and cultivation, rising and sinking into hill and vale; about the middle of which, perched on a gentle eminence, sat Mount Pleasant, smiling in the summer sun. On the way hither, we had passed through Donegal and Madison, two mountain villages.

We had contemplated passing the night at Mount Pleasant, but as it was but one P. M. when we arrived, and the day was fine, the coach not full, the country beautiful, and ourselves not tired enough, we changed our mind, and determined to proceed twenty miles further to Stewartsville.

As we proceeded, we found the country to improve in richness, cultivation and beauty ; which improvement continues to improve until you reach the smoky Birmingham of the United States. We did not find the accommodations tempting enough, nor ourselves tired enough to stop us at Stewartsville, and when we arrived at Turtle Creek, where Chalfant's is a good house, our proximity to Pittsburgh, the distance being but thirteen miles, drew us irresistibly forward until we saw reposing dim and dirty, under a murky mantle of smouldering smoke,

*Pittsburgium, longæ finis chartæque viæque.*

The traveller should bestow several long

looks on the scenery at Turtle Creek. After travelling for some distance on a beautiful plain, the coach comes suddenly on the brink of an awful hill, down which you look upon a little plain far below, through which meanders the stream of Turtle Creek. On the opposite side, another abrupt and lofty hill rises to a level with its antagonist, from which you look. The Hotel in the valley, the creek, the meadows, the fields of grain, the bold and wooded hills, down which the road is seen to wind its wagon-worn way, form a scene worthy of a painter's pencil and a poet's pen. It should be gazed on from the brow of either hill, and from the banks of the creek, to obtain three fine landscapes of various beauty.

The ascent from the valley of the creek is along a well graded stone turnpike, and is in extent three quarters of a mile, tedious and safe. The road now begins to assume the appearance of an avenue leading to a city of some consequence, passing through several

villages, and by a number of handsome country seats. Before reaching Pittsburgh, the road runs for several miles parallel with the river Allegheny along its left bank, and has on its left side a very high ridge, which seems to consist almost entirely of bituminous coal. The openings from which the coal is obtained are visible on the hill side here and there at every altitude. The price of this mineral very little exceeds the cost of digging.

The sensation on entering Pittsburgh is one of disappointment; the country through which you have come is so beautiful, and the town itself so ugly. The government of the town seems to have been more intent on filling the purses, than providing for the gratification of the taste, or for the comfort of its inhabitants. As for the Pittsburghers themselves, they are worthy of every good thing, being enlightened, hospitable and urbane.

Pittsburgh has produced many eminent men in law, politics and divinity, and is now the residence of the erudite, acute and witty author

of the Memoir of Sebastian Cabot, which should be read by every native American. Its manufacturing powers and propensities have been so often described and lauded that we shall say nothing about them, except that they fill the people's pockets with cash, and their toiling town with noise, and dust, and smoke.

Our coach arrived at the Exchange Hotel at half past seven P. M., where we took up our quarters and found the accommodations very good. We had been sixteen hours travelling sixty-seven miles over a hard and rough road, without stopping to dine, and being bruised, tired and hungry, were delighted to find ourselves in a snug parlour where we could sit still and eat. After sufficiently profiting by these facilities, our felicity was made complete by the enjoyment of one of the greatest blessings that can fall to the lot of tired humanity, a good night's rest in a comfortable bed. Pittsburgh is full of good things in the eating and drinking way, but it requires much ingenuity to get them down your throat unsophis-

ticated with smoke and coal-dust. If a sheet of white paper lie upon your desk for half an hour, you may write on it with your finger's end, through the thin stratum of coal-dust that has settled upon it during that interval.

The Pittsburghers have committed an error in not rescuing from the service of Mammon, a triangle of thirty or forty acres at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela, and devoting it to the purposes of recreation. It is an unparalleled position for a park in which to ride or walk or sit. Bounded on the right by the clear and rapid Allegheny rushing from New York, and on the left by the deep and slow Monongahela flowing majestically from Virginia, having in front the beginning of the great Ohio, bearing on its broad bosom the traffic of an empire, it is a spot worthy of being rescued from the ceaseless din of the steam engine, and the lurid flames and dingy smoke of the coal furnace. But alas! the *sacra fames auri* is rapidly covering this area with private edifices; and in a few short years it

is probable, that the antiquary will be unable to discover a vestige of those celebrated military works, with which French and British ambition, in by-gone ages, had crowned this important and interesting point.

There is a large bridge of timber across the Allegheny and another over the Monongahela ; the former of which leads to the town of Allegheny, a rapidly increasing village, situated on a beautiful plain on the western side of the river. About half a mile above the bridge the Allegheny is crossed by an aqueduct bringing over the canal, which (strange to say) comes down from the confluence of the Kiskeminetas with the Allegheny on the *western* side of the latter river. The aqueduct is an enormous wooden trough with a roof, hanging from seven arches of timber, supported by six stone piers and two abutments. The canal then passes through the town and under Grant's-hill through a tunnel, and communicates by a lock with the Monongahela.

The field of battle on which the conceited Braddock paid with his life the penalty of obstinate rashness, is not far from Pittsburgh, and is interesting to Americans as the scene on which the youthful Washington displayed the germs of those exalted qualities which afterwards ripened into the hero, and made him the founder and father of a nation.

Pittsburgh is destined to be the centre of an immense commerce, both in its own products and those of distant countries. Its annual exports at present probably exceed 25,000 and its imports 20,000 tons. Its trade in timber amounts to more than six millions of feet. The inexhaustible supply of coal and the facility of obtaining iron, insure the permanent success of its manufactories. Pittsburgh makes steam engines and other machinery, and her extensive glass-works have long been in profitable operation. There are also extensive paper mills moved by steam, and a manufactory of crackers (not explosive but edible,) wrought by the same power. These



crackers are made of good flour and pure water, and are fair and enticing to the eye of hunger, but we do not find the flavour so agreeable to the palate as that of Wattson's water crackers. Perhaps they are *kneaded* by the iron hands of a steam engine, whereas hands of flesh are *needed* to make good crackers.

It was our intention to have taken steamboat and gone down the Ohio river to Guyandotte, and by coach to the Virginia Springs, but unfortunately the rivers were so low, that the steamboats could not run; so after a sojourn of three days, we intend to leave Pittsburgh for Philadelphia by the canal, that we may see the beauties of the Kiskeminitas and the wonders of the Portage Rail-way, with its tunnels, viaducts and inclined planes. We incline to be very plain in explaining the nature of these planes, and to prevent our readers from complaining of the little light we may shed on this subject, when we shall be passing over this miracle of art, we shall keep our eyes, ears and mouth wide open,

look at every thing, listen to every thing, and speer questions at every body, and shall treasure up our gleanings for the edification of all inquiring friends.

New Yorkers and people from down east, who wish to visit the Virginia Springs, cannot take an easier and more delightful route, than that through Pennsylvania to Pittsburgh, and thence down the Ohio to Guyandotte ; whence to the White Sulphur the distance is one hundred and sixty miles over a good road, through a romantic country, and by a line of good stage coaches.

## LETTER X.

Night Departure—Packet Cincinnati—Lost Description  
—Aqueduct—Freeport—Another Aqueduct—Kiskeminitas—Conemaugh—Coal Strata—Boring for Salt  
—Prodigal Nature—Artful Man—Packet—Passengers—Scotch Americans—Kentuckians—Reading—Virginia Letters—Female Criticism—Hunter's Handkerchief—Leechburgh—Saltsburgh—Magnificent Tunnel—View through it—Stone Aqueduct—Pool—What it is—Silent creeping through the woods—Johnstown, end of Western Canal—Beginning of Portage Rail Road.

*Johnstown, August 20, 1835.*

WE left Pittsburgh, the evening before last at nine o'clock, in the Canal Packet Cincinnati, Captain Fitzgerald. The hour of starting is nearly as inconvenient as possible, because the boat passes thirty miles of the River

Allegheny, which every body wishes to see, in the dark. This is a matter of heartfelt regret to us, because our amiable readers will lose the interesting description that we had resolved to write of that beautiful river.

In a few minutes after she began to move, the Packet entered the aqueduct which carries the canal over to the western bank of the Allegheny, along which it runs in a north-eastern direction for thirty miles. At five o'clock yesterday morning we passed the village of Freeport, which stands on the western bank of the Allegheny, below the mouth of the Kiskeminitas which falls in on the eastern side of the river. A few minutes after we crossed the Allegheny through an aqueduct which carries the canal over that river to the northern bank of the Kiskeminitas, the course of which the canal now pursues in a south eastern direction.

The Kiskeminitas is a large and beautiful stream and the scenery on its banks is very romantic and interesting. Including that por-

tion of it which is called Conemaugh, its course extends more than a hundred miles. The sides of many of its high hills are seamed with bituminous coal, the thick strata of which are distinctly visible as you glide along ; and ever and anon the ear is roused by the pleasant tinkle of the salt-seeking auger, perforating by perpetual and importunate though gentle blows, the rocky strata deep below the surface several hundred feet.

In this region nature has been prodigal in supplying man with materials for the profitable application of the efforts of art. Coal is taken from openings made in the sides of the hills, and slid down wooden troughs into the very boats that convey it to the furnace. The steam engines at the numerous salt works, keep in motion the augers that make vents for the salt springs, pump the water into the vats, and blow the fire which evaporates it, to precipitate the salt.

The discipline and arrangements in the Cincinnati are good, and as we had but twenty

male and six female passengers on board, all quiet and some of them very agreeable, we got through the night very well. We have farmers and merchants from Ohio and Kentucky, all Americans and right good ones, though some of them were born in Scotland. The Scots when transplanted soon take deep root, and make first rate Yankees.

There is also an interesting young couple from Kentucky, six weeks married, who having crowns in their purse, have come abroad to see the world, which is just opening upon their young optics in its most delightful aspect. They are pleased by every thing that is pleasing, and every body is pleased with their sprightly wit, good humour and interesting *naïveté*. The lady is a reader, and yesterday she took up a little book that was lying on the table, called ‘Letters descriptive of the Virginia Springs,’ and read it through to her husband almost in a breath, sitting the while conveniently close to him; and thus she criticised, “this is not such a

wonderful author, I could write as well myself;" we assented to the truth of both the members of her proposition, and considered the author as much honoured by the sincerity of the fair critic.

The gentleman obliged us by describing the real Kentucky tie of a silk handkerchief for a Hunter's head on a frosty morning. This is a secret worth knowing, and we shall treasure it up for use next winter, which we fear will be very cold and long. May it be a *tie* of perpetual kindness!

Yesterday at 8 A. M. we passed Leechburgh; and at M. Saltsburgh; and at 2 P. M. we passed over a beautiful stone aqueduct which leads the canal into the mouth of a large tunnel eight hundred feet long, which perforates the mountain and cuts off a circuit of four miles. The tunnel is cut through limestone rock for four hundred feet, and the rest is arched with solid masonry, as are also both the entrances. The canal and tow-path both pass through the tunnel, the approach to

which is most interesting. You are gliding over the aqueduct admiring the scenery on the right and left, up and down the stream; on a sudden you seem to be rushing against the steep side of the mountain, and then to your great astonishment you perceive an enormous archway which passes through the mountain's base, and discovers the brilliant landscape beyond, set in a dark frame, composed of the massy ribs of rock dimly seen within the tunnel, upon which the mountain securely rests.

This magnificent tunnel is sixty miles from Pittsburgh, and the surrounding scenery is in good keeping therewith. Directly after leaving the tunnel the boat enters a pool made by building a dam across the river, and raising the water so as to give it the appearance of a mountain lake. These pools, which abound in the inland navigation of Pennsylvania, are exceedingly beautiful, being one, two, or three miles long, and three or four hundred yards wide, surrounded by hills or mountains, forest-



covered, sometimes subsiding into a lovely cultivated vale, embosoming a rural village. There is scarcely a perceptible current, and when the air is still, the surface, mirror-like, presents an exact inverted picture of the scenery around. When the boat debouches from the narrow canal, she glides with more easy and rapid movement into the still expanse, passing through the woods and air and water in sweetest silence, save the lulling sound of the tiny ripple at her bow. Here it is pleasant to sit near the bow ‘chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy;’ and it is delightful

— tacitum sylvas inter reptare salubres,  
Curantem quicquid dignum sapiente bonoqu’ est.  
*Hor. Epist. 4, lib. I.*

To glide in silence through the wholesome wood,  
Conning things worthy of the wise and good.

After ten more miles of changing scenery, the shades of evening closed in upon us, and sleep and darkness brought us at 3 A. M. to the basin at Johnstown; the eastern end of

the trans-Alleghenian canal, and the western beginning of the Portage Rail Road.

Here silent and motionless we remained wrapt in the arms of Morpheus until 5 A. M., when the tramping of feet and the dragging of trunks over our heads, admonished us that we must leave the packet for the Mountain Rail Road. Our baggage was quickly placed upon the cars, and ourselves were led up to M'Connell's Hotel, a short distance from the basin, to break our morning fast.

## LETTER XI.

First level—Agreeable apprehension—Eighth wonder—Rising in the world, by steam and by rope—Height from Johnstown—Descent to Hallidaysburg—Plane No. 1.—Level No. 2.—Tunnel—Superb Viaduct—Four other Planes and levels—Top of the Mountain—Thoughts on do.—Summit Level—Mountain Top Tavern—Climate like Spring—Ascending apprehension succeeded by descending fear—Descending Planes longer and steeper—Ropes thicker—Travel without steam or horses—Extracts from Mr. Welch's Report containing descriptions of the Machinery, Viaducts, Culverts, and all the elements of the Inclined Planes and Rail Road.

*Packet Juniata, near Lewistown, Aug. 21, 1835.*

YESTERDAY at Johnstown we soon despatched the ceremony of a good breakfast, and at 6 A. M. were in motion on the first level, as it is called, of four miles in length, leading to the foot of the first inclined plane. The *level*

has an ascent of one hundred and one feet, and we passed over it in horse-drawn cars with the speed of six miles an hour. This is a very interesting part of the route, not only on account of the wildness and beauty of the scenery, but also of the excitement mingled with vague apprehension, which takes possession of every body in approaching the great wonder of the internal improvements of Pennsylvania. In six hours the cars and passengers were to be raised eleven hundred and seventy-two feet of perpendicular height, and to be lowered fourteen hundred feet of perpendicular descent, by complicated, powerful and *frangible* machinery, and were to pass a mountain, to overcome which, with a similar weight, three years ago, would have required the space of three days. The idea of raising so rapidly in the world, particularly by steam or a rope, is very agitating to the simple minds of those who have always walked in humble paths.

As soon as we arrived at the foot of plane

No. 1, the horses were unhitched and the cars were fastened to the rope, which passes up the middle of one track and down the middle of the other. The stationary steam engine at the head of the plane was started and the cars moved majestically up the steep and long acclivity in the space of four minutes; the length of the plane being sixteen hundred and eight feet, its perpendicular height, one hundred and fifty, and its angle of inclination  $5^{\circ} 42' 38''$ .

The cars were now attached to horses and drawn through a magnificent tunnel nine hundred feet long, having two tracks through it, and being cut through solid rock nearly the whole distance. Now the train of cars were attached to a steam tug to pass a level of fourteen miles in length. This *lengthy* level is one of the most interesting portions of the Portage Rail Road, from the beauty of its location and the ingenuity of its construction. It ascends almost imperceptibly through its whole course, overcoming a perpendicular

height of one hundred and ninety feet, and passes through some of the wildest scenery in the state; the axe, the chisel and the spade having cut its way through forest, rock and mountain. The valley of the little Conemaugh river is passed on a viaduct of the most beautiful construction. It is of one arch, a perfect semicircle with a diameter of *eighty feet*, built of cut stone, and its entire height from the foundation is seventy-eight feet six inches. When viewed from the bottom of the valley, it seems to span the heavens, and you might suppose a rainbow had been turned to stone.

The fourteen miles of this second level are passed in one hour, and the train arrives at the foot of the second plane, which has seventeen hundred and sixty feet of length, and one hundred and thirty-two feet of perpendicular height. The third level has a length of a mile and five-eighths, a rise of fourteen feet six inches, and is passed by means of horses. The third plane has a length of fourteen hundred and eighty feet, and a perpendicular

height of one hundred and thirty. The fourth level is two miles long, rises nineteen feet and is passed by means of horses. The fourth plane has a length of two thousand one hundred and ninety-six feet, and a perpendicular height of one hundred and eighty-eight. The fifth level is three miles long, rises twenty-six feet and is passed by means of horses. The fifth plane has a length of two thousand six hundred and twenty-nine feet, and a perpendicular height of two hundred and two, and brings you to the top of the mountain, two thousand three hundred and ninety seven feet above the level of the ocean, thirteen hundred and ninety-nine feet above Hallidaysburg, and eleven hundred and seventy-two feet above Johnstown. At this elevation in the midst of summer, you breathe an air like that of spring, clear and cool. Three short hours have brought you from the torrid plain, to a refreshing and invigorating climate. The ascending apprehension has left you, but it is succeeded by the fear of the steep descent

which lies before you ; and as the car rolls along on this giddy height, the thought trembles in your mind, that it may slip over the head of the first descending plane, rush down the frightful steep, and be dashed into a thousand pieces at its foot.

The length of the road on the summit of the mountain is one mile and five-eighths, and about the middle of it stands a spacious and handsome stone tavern. The eastern quarter of a mile, which is the highest part, is a dead level ; in the other part, there is an ascent of nineteen feet. The descent on the eastern side of the mountain is much more fearful than the ascent on the western, for the planes are much longer and steeper, of which you are made aware by the increased thickness of the ropes ; and you look *down* instead of *up*.

There are also five planes on the eastern side of the mountain, and five slightly descending levels, the last of which is nearly four miles long and leads to the basin at Hallidaysburg ; this is travelled by the cars without



steam or horse, merely by the force of gravity. In descending the mountain you meet several fine prospects and arrive at Hallidaysburg between twelve and one o'clock. All the elements of the Portage Rail Road and descriptions of the machinery, will be found in the extracts added to this letter, which we have taken from a very interesting and able report made by Sylvester Welch, Esq., Engineer of the Allegheny Portage Rail Road, to the Canal Commissioners of Pennsylvania, on the 1st of November, 1832.

*Extracts from Mr. Welch's Report.*

“ The viaduct over the little Conemaugh at the Horse Shoe Bend, has a semicircular arch of eighty feet.

“ The height of the abutment walls from the foundation to the springing line of the arch, is twenty-nine feet; do. from low water twenty feet.

“ The rise of the arch is forty feet.

“ The distance from the top of the arch to the top of the parapet is nine feet and a half.

“The whole height of the walls above the foundation is seventy-eight and a half feet.

“Ditto. above the surface of low water is sixty-nine and a half feet.

“The masonry is of the most substantial kind. The stones that form the faces of the walls contain from 12 to 25 cubic feet each; the beds are well cut and fitted together.

“Width at top of parapet, 28 feet.

“Ditto. at foundation, 40 do.

“Cost about \$52,000.

“The viaduct over the Ebensburg Branch of the Conemaugh, one arch; span 40 feet; rise of arch 10 feet; height of walls from foundation to top of parapet 31 and a half feet; ditto. from low water 27 feet; width at top of parapets 25 feet 10 inches. Cost about \$8600.

“The viaduct over the mountain branch of the Conemaugh—one arch; span 40 feet; rise of arch 10 feet; height from foundation to top of parapet 23 and a half feet; ditto. from surface of low water 17 feet; width at top 25 feet 10 inches. Cost about \$6500

“The viaduct over the Beaver Dam Branch of the Juniata,—Two oblique arches each of 40 feet 3 and a half inches, span measured on the skew face, and 33 feet measured at right angles to the axis of the vault; rise of arches 10 and a half feet; height from foundation to top of parapet 20 feet. Cost about \$10,000.

“*Culverts.*—There are 68 Culverts; the spans vary from 5 to 20 feet; they are built of stone laid in lime mortar; the faces of the walls at the ends are built of hammered stone laid in courses; the coping and steps, and the voussoirs that form the heads of the arches are smoothly cut.

“*Drains.*—There are 80 drains of from 2 to 3 feet span; the walls are laid without mortar.

“The viaducts, culverts and drains make together one hundred and fifty-seven passages for water under the Rail Road.

TABLES.  
No. 1, Horizontal Curvature of the Portage Rail Road.

Deflections in the line at distances of 100 feet.	Radius of Curvature in feet.	Aggregate length of line in miles.	Deflections in the line at distances of 100 feet.	Radius of Curvature in feet.	Aggregate length of line in miles.
0°	Infinite.	19.29	6	955.40	2.22
$\frac{1}{2}$	11459	0.05	$6\frac{1}{2}$	882.00	0.27
1	5730	0.83	7	819.00	1.30
$1\frac{1}{2}$	3820	0.19	$7\frac{1}{2}$	764.50	0.09
2	2865	1.14	8	716.80	1.24
$2\frac{1}{2}$	2292	0.29	$8\frac{1}{2}$	674.70	0.49
3	1910	1.78	9	637.30	1.43
$3\frac{1}{2}$	1637	0.38	$9\frac{1}{2}$	600.30	0.09
4	1433	2.81	10	573.70	0.49
$4\frac{1}{2}$	1274	0.17	$10\frac{1}{2}$	546.40	0.02
5	1146	1.28	12	478.30	0.23
$5\frac{1}{2}$	1042	0.25	13	441.70	0.32

Whole length of Rail Road, 36,65 miles.

## No. 2. TABLE OF GRADES.

" This table exhibits the profile or grade of the Portage Rail Road. The 1st column shows the ascent from Johnstown to the summit of the mountain, and descent from the same to Hallidaysburg, per mile in feet; the 2nd column shows the length of each grade in miles; the 3rd column shows the distance in miles from the lower end of the basin at Johnstown; and the 4th column shows the total ascent from the basin at Johnstown to the summit of the mountain, and the total descent from the summit to the basin at Hallidaysburgh.

Ascent per Mile.	Length in Miles of each grade.	Distance from Johns- town.	Ascent from Johns- town.	
0	0.19	0.19	0	
26.400	2.44	2.63	64.50	
25.344	1.46	4.09	101.46	
0	0.04	4.13	101.46	Level.
	0.30	4.43	251.46	Inclined Plane No. 1.
0	0.02	4.45	251.46	Level.
10.560	3.31	7.76	286.46	
21.120	3.66	11.42	363.66	
7.920	1.40	12.82	374.76	
14.784	4.19	17.01	436.64	
10.560	0.42	17.43	441.04	
0	0.06	17.49	441.04	Level.
	0.33	17.82	573.44	Inclined Plane No. 2.
0	0.06	17.88	573.44	Level.
10.560	1.37	19.25	587.94	
0	0.06	19.31	587.94	Level.
	0.28	19.59	718.44	Inclined Plane No. 3.
0	0.06	19.65	718.44	Level.
10.560	1.78	21.43	737.24	

Ascent per mile.	Length in miles of each grade.	Distance from Johns- town.	Ascent from Johns- town.	
0	0.06	21.49	737.24	Level.
	0.42	21.91	925.10	Inclined Plane No. 4.
0	0.06	21.97	925.10	Level.
10.560	2.44	24.41	950.90	
0	0.06	24.47	950.90	Level.
	0.49	24.96	1152.54	Inclined Plane, No. 5.
0	0.06	25.02	1152.54	Level.
14.784	1.29	26.31	1171.58	
0	0.27	26.58	1171.58	Summit Level.
Descent per mile.			Descent from Summit.	
	0.51	27.09	266.50	Inclined Plane No. 6.
0	0.15	27.24	266.50	Level.
	0.51	27.75	527.00	Inclined Plane No. 7.
0	0.06	27.81	527.00	Level.
10.560	0.51	28.32	532.4	
0	0.06	28.38	532.40	Level.
	0.58	28.96	840.40	Inclined Plane No. 8.
0	0.06	29.02	840.40	Level.
10.560	1.13	30.15	852.40	
0	0.06	30.21	852.40	Level.
	0.51	30.72	1041.90	Inclined Plane No. 9.
0	0.06	30.78	1041.90	Level.
17.952	1.64	32.42	1071.48	
0	0.06	32.48	1071.48	Level.
	0.43	32.91	1252.00	Inclined Plane No. 10.
0	0.06	32.97	1252.00	Level.
52.800	1.80	34.77	1346.00	
35.376	1.25	36.02	1390.22	
0	0.09	36.11	1390.22	Level.
35.376	0.25	36.36	1398.71	
0	0.29	36.65	1398.71	Level.

Whole ascent and descent 2570.30 feet.

No. 3. TABLE OF INCLINED PLANES.

No.	Horizontal length in feet.	Length measured on plane.	Total rise in feet.	Rise per 100 feet.	Angle of inclination.
1	1600.50	1607.74	150.00	10.	5° 42' 38"
2	1755.32	1760.43	132.40	8.	4° 34' 26"
3	1473.70	1480.25	130.50	9.50	5° 25' 36"
4	2187.74	2195.94	187.86	9.	5° 8' 34"
5	2620.82	2628.60	201.64	8.	4° 34' 26"
6	2700.52	2713.85	266.50	10.25	5° 51' 9"
7	2641.98	2655.01	260.50	10.25	5° 51' 9"
8	3101.49	3116.92	307.60	10.25	5° 51' 9"
9	2714.05	2720.80	189.50	7.25	4° 8' 48"
10	2288.46	2295.61	180.52	8.25	4° 42' 58"

“The table of the inclined planes, shows the inclination, the length measured horizontally, the length measured on the planes, the ascent or descent per 100 feet base, and the height or difference of level between the head and foot of each inclined plane.

“The inclined planes are regular in descent, from the top to a point 200 feet from the foot, and terminate in a circular arc, to which the plane and level are tangents. The descent in 100 feet is shown in the table. The descent in the last 200 feet, is the same as in 100 feet

above. The inclined planes are all straight in plan.

“The entire cost of the Portage Rail Road with single track, machinery and single stationary engines at the inclined planes is about . . . . \$1.155.000

The cost of laying a second track is about . . . . 295.000

The cost of another set of stationary engines is about . . . 25.000

---

\$1.475.000

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“*Description of the Machinery.—First Set of Engines.*—The system of machinery adopted at the inclined planes of the Portage Railway, is different in many of its features from the plans heretofore adopted in Europe and this country.

“The trade on this road will preponderate in different directions at different seasons of the year; and in consequence it was deemed



necessary to place steam engines at all the planes, and also to arrange the machinery so that they may be self acting if necessary.

“ Two vertical sheaves\* of cast iron  $8\frac{1}{2}$  feet in diameter, and turned in the grooves so as to be exactly similar to each other in form and dimensions, are placed, one in the centre of each Railway-track, about 100 feet from the head of the plane; the tops of them extending six inches above the rails. The shafts on which these sheaves are placed, are geared together by equal spur wheels 4 feet in diameter, so as to revolve in opposite directions. In the plane† passing through the bottom of these sheaves, and in a pit between them and the head of the (*inclined*) plane, a horizontal sheave, (the diameter of which is equal to the distance between the centres of the tracks,) is placed, the groove of which is also turned smooth. This last is fitted into a strong frame, which may be moved for a distance of

\*Wheels.

†Imaginary.

15 feet towards the head of the plane, by means of a weight attached to a chain, and hanging in a well. There is another horizontal sheave 40 feet from the foot of the plane, on the level, which is also fitted into a strong frame moveable 50 feet, by means of a double pully block, rope and windlass.

“The rope is endless, and is supported by (*cast iron ?*) sheaves 18 inches (*in*) diameter, with hardened steel axles, placed 24 feet apart. It passes around the horizontal sheave at the foot of the plane, up the centre of one track until it meets the vertical sheave above the head, (*of the plane*), passes half round it, and returning towards the head of the plane, meets the horizontal sheave, passes half round it, returns to the second vertical sheave, passes half round it, and down the other track of the railway.

“The moveable sheave of the head, has the effect of drawing the rope tightly into the grooves of the working sheaves, obviating the danger of slipping, and equalizing the strain ;

that at the foot will permit the slackness of the rope to be taken up as it stretches by use, without the necessity of cutting and splicing it.

“The steam engine which drives the above machinery is coupled to the shaft of one of the vertical sheaves. It is a double cylinder, high pressure, slide valve, horizontal engine, without a fly wheel, and drives the working shaft directly without the intervention of gearing. At 6 of the planes, the engines are of 35 horse power, and at the remaining 4, of 30 horse power. When the number of strokes of the engine is 14 per minute, the velocity of the rope is about 4 miles an hour. The form of the engine, although somewhat more expensive than the common one, is recommended by its greater safety. Being under more perfect command than a single cylinder engine with a fly-wheel, it may be started, or in case of accident be stopped, with great facility. When the descending load exceeds the ascending, the hydraulic regulator is thrown

into gear. This is a horizontal cylinder filled with water, 14 inches (*in*) diameter, made of cast iron, and having a piston, piston rod, slides, pitman, &c. similar to a steam engine cylinder. It has a side pipe connecting the ends, in which is placed a valve, worked by an elevating screw similar to that of a common throttle valve. A spur wheel gearing with one on the shaft of one of the vertical sheaves, works a pitman, which drives the piston backwards and forwards through the cylinder. At each half stroke of the piston, the whole of the water in the cylinder is forced through the orifice formed by the valve in the side pipe, and as this may be regulated by hand, any degree of retardation required, may be obtained."

## LETTER XII.

Absorption of the senses—Relief by writing—Charms of the Valley of the Juniata—Gregory Nazianzen—Evening—Night—Huntingdon—Lewistown—Its environs—Leave the Juniata—Cross the Susquehanna—Harrisburg—Leave the Packet—Wilson's excellent Hotel—Antithesis—Glorious sleep—Breakfast—Capitol—John Hancock's Chair—Journey to Lancaster by Stage Coach—Sweet Arrow—Conclusion—End—Contents.

*Lancaster, August 22, 1835.*

THE sense-absorbing power of the Mountain Rail Road entirely deprived us of eyes and ears for external objects for a time, and therefore we wrote our last letter in the packet Juniata, describing the great things that were in our mind's eye. Being thus unburthened, our corporeal senses again resumed their power and informed us that we were in the

lovely valley of the romantic Juniata; now toiling (that is the horses,) along the narrow canal round the base of a noble mountain, now passing a busy village, and now shooting with increased velocity and noiseless motion along the mirrored surface of a lake-like pool, bounded on one side by gently undulating cultivated fields, and on the other by a beautiful and extensive wood, inviting as that which was pressed by the footsteps of the eloquent and pious Gregorius Nazianzenus, the day before he wrote the following lines :

“ In nemus umbriferum, confectus corda dolore,  
Solutus ego hesternæ luce profectus eram :  
Namque meos luctus lævat hæc medicina, dolorque,  
Cum tacitus mecum colloquor ipse, cadit.  
Aura susurrabat tenuis, volucresque canoræ  
Fundebant avido gutture mille sonos.  
Quinetiam cantu circum nemus omne sonabat,  
Quem rauca viridi fronde cicada dabat.”

*Greg. Naz. Carmen XIII.*

The shades of evening closed upon us before we reached Huntingdon, which we pass-

ed in the dark. Yesterday we passed Waynesburg, Lewistown, Mifflin and Mexico. The western approach to Lewistown is remarkably interesting; the landscape possessing every beautiful natural feature that can be furnished by the various combinations of mountain, valley, river, hill and wood, both wild and cultivated.

At ten last night we passed Duncan's Island and leaving the valley of the Juniata, we glided into the broad bosom of the noble Susquehanna, and entering the canal on its eastern side, we arrived at Harrisburg at three o'clock this morning. Here we took leave of our agreeable Kentucky fellow travellers with much regret, and were soon conveyed by an omnibus to Wilson's excellent hotel.

The sudden transition from the hot and steamy cabin, to the airy, spacious, comfortable and well furnished chamber of the hotel, was like a translation from the black hole of Calcutta to the gardens of Semiramis; and inspired us with the unshakeable resolution to

take our fill of quiet sleep in the motionless and tempting bed that stood before us. The execution of this plan occupied us, mind and body, until eleven this morning, at which rational hour we rose and solaced our inward man with a capital breakfast.

At *m.* we sallied forth to spy out the beauties of the town; and first we found our way to the brick-built capitol, which stands on a gentle eminence not far from Wilson's, and commands a fine view of the Susquehanna and the surrounding country.

The Chambers of the Senate and House of Representatives are large, light, and well arranged to accommodate the collected wisdom of the state. The Speaker of the lower house occupies the chair that John Hancock sat in, when the Declaration of Independence was signed in Philadelphia.

At three *p. m.* we entered a stage coach bound to Lancaster. There were nine grown persons and one child inside, and three grown persons outside. Fortunately the road is good



turnpike, and the country is beautiful and well cultivated. At nine miles distance from Harrisburg, near the mouth of the little river Suetara, (called by the natives Sweet Arrow,) stands the village of Middletown, where the Union Canal comes to its western termination. We arrived at Lancaster in safety at nine p. m. and stopped at Mrs. Hubley's, our former comfortable quarters, for the night.

Now we have described our entire jaunt, and in doing it we have had in our eye St. Gregory Nazianzen's definition of a good painter, and have endeavoured, though without success, to fulfil its conditions :

Optimus est pictor, veras vivumque tuentes

Qui scite formas exprimit in tabulis :

Non qui multiplices frustra variosque colores

Miscens, ante oculos florida prata locat.'

*Greg. Naz. Carm. X.*

And now patient and discerning readers, we mean the faithful few who have kept us

company hitherto, we thank you for your good company, and convey to you our last wishes, in the last line of Plautus's Stichus :

‘Vos’ O lectores, ‘plaudite, atque ite ad vos comissatum.’

THE END.

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## ERRATA.

Page 41, in the last line of the French quotation for *bonche*, read *bouche*, twice.

" 62, in sixth line from the bottom, for *from* read *to*.

" 69, in the last line, for *sequested*, read *sequestered*.

" 90, in the Latin quotation, for *scribunter*, read *scribuntur*.









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